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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. WRIGHT,

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY, 1790.

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THE

SIXTY-FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

MOORE AND CAWTHORN.

THE POEMS OF EDWARD MOORE.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being perſonally known to your Grace, I had not thus preſumptuouſly addreſſed you, without previous ſolicitation for ſo great an indulgence. But that your Grace may neither be ſurpriſed nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good Man, whoſe name is prefixed to the firſt of theſe poems, was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind aſſurances he was pleaſed to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loſs amidſt the general concern. It is from theſe favours and aſſurances that I flatter myſelf with having a kind of privilege to addreſs your Grace upon this occaſion, and to entreat your patronage of the following ſheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham, except that of honouring his virtues, and wiſhing to have been ſerviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you

loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of ſome ſmall ſhare of that notice, with which he was once pleaſed to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your juſt and prudent adminiſtration of public affairs. That the ſalutary meaſures you are purſuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happineſs to theſe kingdoms, is the ſincere wiſh of,

My Lord,
Your Grace's
moſt humble,
moſt obedient,
and
moſt devoted Servant,

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall,
Feb. 26, 1756.

EDWARD MOORE.

PRE-

PREFACE.

MOST of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces; but as many of them were printed without a name, I was adviſed by ſome particular friends to collect them into a volume, and publiſh them by ſubſcription. The painful taſk of ſoliciting ſuch a ſubſcription was chiefly undertaken by thoſe friends, and with ſuch ſpirit and zeal, that I ſhould be greatly wanting in gratitude, if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my moſt ſincere acknowledgements. I am alſo obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a conſiderable number of ſubſcribers in that kingdom, a liſt of whoſe names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was deſired not to delay publication. I mention this ſeeming neglect, that my friends on that ſide the water may not accuſe me of any diſreſpect.

Such as the work now is, I ſubmit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wiſh. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote

virtue and good-humour. Thoſe parts of it that have been publiſhed ſingly, had the good fortune to pleaſe; thoſe that are now added will, I hope, be no diſcredit to them. Upon the whole, I have ſent this my offſpring into the world in as decent a dreſs as I was able: a legitimate one I am ſure it is; and if it ſhould be thought defective in ſtrength, ſpirit, or vigour, let it be conſidered that its father's marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages into that noble family, was more from neceſſity than inclination.

THE

THE

DISCOVERY:

AN

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM.

------ Vir bonus eſt quis? HOR.

I.

TAKE wing, my muſe! from ſhore to ſhore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet ſhe treads on Britiſh ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

II.

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the ſenſual ſons of earth
In Pleaſure's thoughtleſs train;
Nor yet where ſanctity's a ſhow,
Where ſouls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliſs or pain.

III.

Her ſocial heart alike diſowns
The race, who ſhunning crowds and thrones,
In ſhades ſequeſter'd doze;
Whoſe ſloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In ſenſeleſs, vile repoſe.

IV.

With theſe ſhe ſhuns the factious tribe,
Who ſpurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till Diſcord Havock cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to riſe
On anarchy to pow'r!

V.

Ye Wits, who boaſt from ancient times,
A right divine to ſcourge our crimes,
Is it with you ſhe reſts?
No. Int'reſt, ſlander are your views,
And Virtue now, with every muſe,
Flies your unhallow'd breaſts.

VI.

There was a time, I heard her ſay,
Ere females were ſeduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the Soft Deſires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and Her unknown.

VII.

From theſe th' indignant goddeſs flies,
And where the ſpires of Science riſe,
A while ſuſpends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every ſpring.

VIII.

Long through the ſky's wide pathleſs way
The muſe obſerv'd the wand'rer ſtray,
And mark'd her laſt retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths ſhe flew,
Deſcending like the ſilent dew
On Eſher's peaceful ſeat.

IX.

There ſhe beholds the gentle Mole
His penſive waters calmly roll,
Amidſt Elyſian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And ſtrews her ſweets around.

X.

I hear her bid the Daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grott repair,
Her ſecret ſteps to meet;
Nor Thou, ſhe cries, theſe ſhades forſake,
But come, lov'd Conſort, come and make
The huſband's bliſs complete.

XI. Yet

XI.

Yet not too much the ſoothing eaſe
Of rural indolence ſhall pleaſe
My Pelham's ardent breaſt;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Muſt ſtand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation bleſt.

XII.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal diſcords to compoſe,
Unite her friends, diſarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

XIII.

When bold Rebellion ſhook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntleſs hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wiſdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

XIV.

Now by thy ſtrong aſſiſting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I ſee her ſtand,
Againſt whoſe ſolid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudeſt, moſt tempeſtuous rage
Of angry war ſhall beat.

XV. And

XV.

And grieve not if the ſons of Striſe
Attempt to cloud thy ſpotleſs life,
And ſhade its brighteſt ſcenes ;
Wretches, by kindneſs unſubdu'd,
Who ſee, who ſhare the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

XVI.

Like theſe, the metaphyſic crew,
Proud to be ſingular and new,
Think all they ſee deceit ;
Are warm'd and cheriſh'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE

TRIAL

OF

SELIM THE PERSIAN*,

FOR DIVERS

HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

THE court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The counsel with instructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
But first 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And similies to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.
Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the three Chiefs in judgment sitting.

* George Lyttelton, Esq. afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The Persian Letters of this nobleman were written under the character of Selim, which occasioned Mr. Moore to give him the same name in this poem.

Above

Above the reſt, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with diſſembled air;
Her tongue was ſkill'd in ſpecious lies,
And murmurs, whence diſſentions riſe;
A ſmiling maſk her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With ſtudy'd blandiſhments ſhe bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the ſight;
Her ſnaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbad diſguiſe;
Pale diſcontent and ſullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead ſat;
Her left-hand, clench'd, her cheek ſuſtain'd,
Her right (with many a murder ſtain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to ſtrike,
With ſtarts of rage, and aim oblique.
Laſt on the left was Clamour ſeen,
Of ſtature vaſt, and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She ſent her yellings to the ſkies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow ſedition o'er the land.
With theſe, four more of leſſer fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocriſy with ſmiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.

The

The walls in ſculptur'd tale were rich,
And ſtatues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in Faction's cauſe,
And periſh'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and ſhade,
The ſeat of Anarchy diſplay'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confuſion rag'd, and Luſt obſcene,
And Riot with diſtemper'd mien,
And Outrage bold, and miſchief dire,
And Devaſtation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her ſhield with many a ſtab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her ſpear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidſt the ſpoils,
A lion panted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner ſtood,
And modeſt pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counſel, and the crowd,
And with ſubmiſſive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now, in humbler ſtrains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.

Th' indictment grievouſly ſet forth,
That Selim, loſt to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt *,
And many more, not taken yet)

* Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

In

In Forty-five, the royal palace *
Did enter, and to ſhame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forſake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With miſchievous intent and baſe,
Value unknown, a certain place.
He was a ſecond time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's ſhare,
(Which parſons want, and he might ſpare)
In Letter to one Gilbert Weſt †,
He, the ſaid Selim, did atteſt,
Maintain, ſupport, and make aſſertion
Of certain points, from Paul's converſion,
By means whereof the ſaid apoſtle
Did many an unbeliever joſtle,
Starting unfaſhionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.
A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets ſell,
He, the ſaid Selim, notwithſtanding,
Did fall to anſw'ring, ſhaming, branding
Three curious Letters to the Whigs ‡;
Making no reader care three figs

* Mr. Lyttelton was appointed a Lord of the Treaſury 25th Dec. 1744.

† Entitled, "Obſervations on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gilbert Weſt, Eſq." 8vo. 1747.

‡ Entituled, "Three Letters to the Whigs; occaſioned by the Letter to the Tories." 8vo. 1748.

For

For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable ſin
An author, modeſt and deſerving,
Was deſtin'd to contempt and ſtarving;
Againſt the king, his crown and peace,
And all the ſtatutes in that caſe.
The pleader roſe with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the Muſe's fire
With rhet'ric, ſuch as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And ſift the matter from the form.
Virtue and ſocial love, he ſaid,
And honour from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes;
While Oppoſition dropp'd her creſt,
And courted pow'r for wealth and reſt.
Why ſome folks laugh'd, and ſome folks rail'd,
Why ſome ſubmitted, ſome aſſail'd,
Angry or pleas'd—all ſolv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The ſons of Clamour grew ſo ſickly,
They look'd for diſſolution quickly;
Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were ſunk in privies all beſh——n;
Old-England *, and the London-Evening,
Hardly a ſoul was found believing in;

* An Oppoſition Paper at that time publiſhed, in which Mr. Lyttelton was frequently abuſed.

And

And Caleb *, once ſo bold and ſtrong,
Was ſtupid now, and always wrong.
Aſk ye whence roſe this foul diſgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cauſe to ſhame;
Proving that people, void of blame,
Might ſerve their country and their king,
By making both the ſelf-ſame thing:
By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by ſtrange arts deceiv'd)
That Miniſters were ſometimes right,
And meant not to deſtroy us quite.
That bart'ring thus in ſtate affairs,
He next muſt deal in ſacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And ſmuggle in the goſpel-trade:
And all this zeal to re-inſtate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in ſhoals,
Like children, ſniv'ling for their ſouls;
And ladies gay, from ſmut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their bibles;
Erecting conſcience for a tutor,
To damn the preſent by the future:
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;

* Caleb D'Anvers, the name aſſumed by the writers of the Craftſman.

When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterneſs, and woe,
With ſhort tranſitions of delight,
To ſet the ſhatter'd ſpirits right.
Then why ſuch mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding ſhort-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there ſhould be one, no doubt,
Men of themſelves would find it out.

But Selim's crimes, he ſaid, went further,
And barely ſtopp'd on this ſide murther;
One yet remain'd to cloſe the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd ſpeak at large.
And, firſt, 'twas needful to premiſe,
That though ſo long (for reaſons wiſe)
The preſs inviolate had ſtood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet ſtill, too modeſt to abuſe,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whoſe.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praiſe,
Who, not ſo ſcrupulouſly nice,
Proclaim'd the perſon with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the reſt for granted.
Upon this plan, a Champion * roſe,
Unrighteous greatneſs to oppoſe,

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

Proving

Proving the man "inventus non eſt,"
Who trades in pow'r, and ſtill is honeſt;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto ſoundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people leaſt of all ſuſpected;
And Selim, not ſo ſtrong as tall,
Beneath his graſp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people ſay)
Stood by, and ſav'd him in the fray.
By her aſſiſted, and one Truth,
A buſy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his ſtrength anew,
And at the foe a Letter threw †:
His weakeſt part the weapon found,
And brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground.
Hence Oppoſition fled the field,
And Ignorance with her ſeven-fold ſhield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his Whore and Bully,
Muſt prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with ſuch a guard.
But Truth and Innocence, he ſaid,
Would ſtand him here in little ſtead;
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.

† Probably, "A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs." 8vo. 1748.

Of witneſſes a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to ſuſtain;
Detraction, Hatred, and Diſtruſt,
And Party, of all foes the worſt,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Diſappointment worn with grief,
Diſhonour foul, unaw'd by ſhame,
And every fiend that Vice can name.
All theſe in ample form depos'd,
Each fact the triple charge diſclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter ſort,
And aſking vengeance from the court.

The pris'ner ſaid in his defence,
That he indeed had ſmall pretence
To ſoften facts ſo deeply ſworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might ſtill be urg'd to ward the ſentence.
That he had held a place ſome years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives baſe,
Th' indictment there miſtook the caſe;
And though he had betray'd his truſt
In being to his country juſt,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might ceaſe,
And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to Gilbert Weſt,
Bore hard againſt him, he confeſs'd;

Yet

Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reason'd for Belief, not Practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Though Practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and sense;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not say; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now:
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hop'd to change men's measures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.
One accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest;
Three Patriot-Letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to shame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he's a most unchristian elf,
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those Letters only rail'd for bread;

And hunger was a known excuſe
For proſtitution and abuſe:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the Writer change his ſide;
He wiſh'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he ſhould have bought, not ſtarv'd him.

The court, he ſaid, knew all the reſt,
And muſt proceed as they thought beſt;
Only he hop'd ſuch reſignation
Would plead ſome little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, atteſt it)
He did in humbleſt form requeſt it,
To be from puniſhment exempt,
And only ſuffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour ſwore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
Religion, ſober dame, attended,
And, as ſhe could, his cauſe befriended.
She ſaid, 'twas ſince he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by Knowledge:
The man was modeſt and ſincere,
Nor farther could ſhe interfere.
The Muſes begg'd to interpoſe;
But Envy with loud hiſſings roſe,

And

And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and proſtitutes to ſhame;
And ſaid, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner bluſh'd, the Muſes frown'd,
When ſilence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction, riſing with the reſt,
In form the pris'ner thus addreſs'd.

You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
Firſt, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to diſgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a Place:
Next, Infidelity to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive Freethinking to a ſtand,
And with Religion vex the land:
And laſtly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral ſpite,
You have an Author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.

Theſe crimes ſucceſſive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourſelf, with ſhame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the juſtice of the court
May ſuffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I ſuſpend,
To reaſon as from friend to friend.

And firſt, that You, of all mankind,
With Kings and Courts ſhould ſtain your mind!

You! who were Oppoſition's lord!
Her nerves, her ſinews, and her ſword!
That You at laſt, for ſervile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For You to urge your hate,
And back the Church, to aid the State!
For You to publiſh ſuch a Letter!
You! who have known Religion better!
For You, I ſay, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuſe.
And laſt of all, to crown your ſhame,
Was it for You to load with blame
The writings of a Patriot-Youth,
And ſummon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cauſe?——Was this for You?——
But juſtice does your crimes purſue;
And ſentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by Me, the court ordains:

" That you return from whence you came,
" There to be ſtript of all your fame
" By vulgar hands; That once a week
" Old-England pinch you till you ſqueak;
" That ribbald Pamphlets do purſue you,
" And lies and murmurs, to undo you.
" With every foe that Worth procures,
" And only Virtue's friends be Yours."

ODE

TO

GARRICK,

UPON

THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

" When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not
" think I ſhould live till I were married."
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

NO, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
There! don't you ſee her?--" See her! Who?"
Nay, hang me if I tell.
There's Garrick in the muſic-box!
Watch but his eyes; ſee there——" O pox!"
" Your ſervant, Ma'moiſelle!"

II.

But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will ſome folks do?
How will they curſe this ſtranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A ſober, ſerious, wedded wife!
O fie upon you, Ranger!

III. The

III.

The clergy too have join'd the chat;
" A papift!---Has he thought of that?
" Or means he to convert her?"
Troth, boy, unleſs your zeal be ſtout,
The nymph may turn Your faith about,
By arguments experter.

IV.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Aſk if the " deed be done?"
O, David! liſten to my lay!
I'll propheſy the things they'll ſay;
For tongues, you know, will run.

V.

" And pray, what other news d'ye hear?
" Marry'd!---But don't you think, my dear,
" He's growing out of faſhion?
" People may fancy what they will,
" But Quin's the only actor ſtill,
" To touch the tender paſſion.

VI.

" Nay, madam, did you mind, laſt night,
" His Archer? Not a line on't right!
" I thought I heard ſome hiſſes.
" Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,
" Or Billy Havard would but try,
" They'd beat him all to pieces.

VII. " Twas

VII.

" 'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes---
" And (entre nous) the Laureat ſays,
" He hopes he'll give up Richard.
" But then it tickles me to ſee,
" In Haſtings, ſuch a ſhrimp as he
" Attempt to raviſh Pritchard.

VIII.

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough
" In —— what d'ye call it? Hoadley's ſtuff;
" There's ſomething there like nature:
" Juſt ſo, in life, he runs about,
" Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,
" But hurts no mortal creature.

IX.

" And then there's Belmont, to be ſure ——
" O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
" How does my good lord-mayor?
" And have you left Cheapſide, my dear!
" And will you write again next year,
" To ſhew your fav'rite player?

X.

" But Merope, we own, is fine,
" Eumenes charms in every line;
" How prettily he vapours!
" So gay his dreſs, ſo young his look,
" One would have ſworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
" Or Mathews, cutting capers."

XI. Thus,

XI.

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays;
Yates ſhall be Benedick next year,
Macklin be Richard, Taſwell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

XII.

Two parts they readily allow
Are yours; but not one more, they vow;
And thus they cloſe their ſpite:
You will be Sir John Brute, they ſay,
A very Sir John Brute all day,
And Fribble all the night.

XIII.

But tell me, fair-ones, is it ſo?
"You all did love him once *," we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail---I'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or madam die,
And then there's hope for all.

XIV.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy, and I cloſe my ſtrains:
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home,
Un-nerve you for the ſtage.

XV. But

* Julius Cæſar.

XV.

But if you find your ſpirits right,
Your mind at eaſe, your body tight,
Take her; you can't do better:
A pox upon the tattling Town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

XVI.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And ſure that face beſpeaks a mind
As ſoft as woman's can be)
You'll grow as conſtant as a dove,
And taſte the purer ſweets of love,
Unviſited by Ranby.

ENVY

ENVY and FORTUNE:

A TALE.

TO

Mrs. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, ſoft, Madam Flirt!
"Not ſo faſt with your wheel, you'll be down in the dirt!
"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear creature,
"You've ſhewn him a wonderful deal of good-nature;
"His bags are ſo full, and ſuch praiſes his due,
"That the like was ne'er known---and all owing to you:
"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,
"And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"
Says Fortune, and ſmil'd, "Madam Envy, God ſave ye!
"But why always ſneering at me and poor Davy?
"I own that ſometimes, in contempt of all rules,
"I laviſh my favours on blockheads and fools;
"But the caſe is quite different here, I aver it,
"For David ne'er knew me, 'till brought me by Merit.
"And yet to convince you---nay, Madam, no hiſſes---
"Good-manners at leaſt---ſuch behaviour as this is---!"
(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
With a hiſs and a yell that would ſilence a rout.

But

But Fortune went on)---" To convince you, I ſay,
" That I honour your ſcheme, I'll about it to-day ;
" The man ſhall be marry'd, ſo pray now be eaſy,
" And Garrick for once ſhall do ſomething to pleaſe ye."
So ſaying, ſhe rattled her wheel out of ſight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with delight.
It ſeems 'twas a trick that ſhe long had been brewing,
To marry poor David, and ſo be his ruin :
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And car'd not a fig for a ſoul but himſelf ;
From thence ſhe was ſure, had the Devil a daughter,
He'd ſnap at the girl, ſo 'twas Fortune that brought her :
And then ſhould her temper be ſullen or haughty,
Her fleſh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow ſo out of his reaſon,
That Barry and Quin would ſet faſhions next ſeaſon.
But Fortune, who ſaw what the Fury deſign'd,
Reſolv'd to get David a wife to his mind :
Yet afraid of herſelf in a matter ſo nice,
She viſited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.
The nymph ſhook her head when the buſineſs ſhe knew,
And ſaid that her female acquaintance were few ;
That excepting Miſs R * * *---O, yes, there was one,
A friend of that lady's, ſhe viſited none ;
But the firſt was too great, and the laſt was too good,
And as for the reſt, ſhe might get whom ſhe cou'd.
Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
But her promiſe was paſs'd, and a wife muſt be had :
She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,
Now knocking at one door, and then at another.

The

The girls curtſy'd low as ſhe look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
But this was coquettiſh, and that was a prude,
One ſtupid and dull, t'other noiſy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careleſs a fourth,
With prate without meaning, and pride without worth;
A fifth, and a ſixth, and a ſeventh were ſuch
As either knew nothing, or ſomething too much---
In ſhort as they paſs'd, ſhe to all had objections;
The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affections,
The prudent were ugly, the ſenſible dirty,
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.

When Fortune ſaw this ſhe began to look ſilly,
Yet ſtill ſhe went on till ſhe reach'd Piccadilly;
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
She reſted her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady roſe up, as ſhe ſaw her come in,
"O ho, madam Genius! pray where have you been?"
(For her ladyſhip thought, from ſo ſerious an air,
'Twas Genius come home, for it ſeems ſhe liv'd there.)
But Fortune, not minding her ladyſhip's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cry'd, "Well may you wonder
"To ſee me thus flurry'd;"---then told her the caſe,
And ſigh'd till her ladyſhip laugh'd in her face.
"Mighty civil indeed!"---"Come, a truce, ſays my lady,
"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye.
"I'll ſhew you a girl that---Here, Martin! go tell---
"But ſhe's gone to undreſs; by-and-by is as well---
"I'll ſhew you a ſight that you'll fancy uncommon,
"Wit, beauty, and goodneſs, all met in a woman;

"A heart

" A heart to no folly or miſchief inclin'd,
" A body all grace, and all ſweetneſs a mind."
" O, pray let me ſee her," ſays Fortune, and ſmil'd,
" Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my child---
" But who, my dear, who?---for you have not told yet"--
" Who indeed, ſays my lady, if not Violette?"
The words were ſcarce ſpoke when ſhe enter'd the room;
A bluſh at the ſtranger ſtill heighten'd her bloom;
So humble her looks were, ſo mild was her air,
That Fortune, aſtoniſh'd, ſat mute in her chair.
My lady roſe up, and with countenance bland,
" This is Fortune, my dear," and preſented her hand:
The goddeſs embrac'd her, and call'd her her own,
And, compliments over, her errand made known.
But how the ſweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trembled,
How oft ſhe ſaid no, and how ill ſhe diſſembled;
Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,
And ſwore, from all others, 'twas her he would chuſe;
What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;
All theſe, were they told, would but burden my tale---
In ſhort, all affairs were ſo happily carry'd,
That hardly ſix weeks paſs'd away till they marry'd.
But Envy grew ſick when the ſtory ſhe heard,
Violette was the girl that of all ſhe moſt fear'd;
She knew her good-humour, her beauty and ſweetneſs,
Her eaſe and compliance, her taſte and her neatneſs;
From theſe ſhe was ſure that her man could not roam,
And muſt riſe on the ſtage, from contentment at home:
So on ſhe went hiſſing, and inwardly curs'd her,
And Garrick next ſeaſon will certainly burſt her.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM,

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

WORSHIPFUL COMPANY

OF

POETS AND NEWS-WRITERS,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of ſcandal, for mending the times)
By loſſes in buſineſs, and England's well-doing,
Are ſunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That theſe their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Ariſe not from dulneſs, as ſome folks believe,
But from rubs in their way which your Honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their uſe,
And meant their laſt breath ſhould go out in abuſe;
But now (and they ſpeak it with ſorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has ſat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite
To heed what they ſay, or to read what they write;

Se-

Sedition, and Tumult, and Diſcord are fled,
And Slander ſcarce ventures to lift up her head---
In ſhort, public buſineſs is ſo carry'd on,
That their country is ſav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex them ſtill more, and ſure famine to bring,
(Now ſatire has loſt both its truth and its ſting)
If, in ſpite of their natures, they bungle at praiſe,
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR petitioners therefore moſt humbly intreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks meet)
That meaſures be chang'd, and ſome cauſe of complaint
Be immediately furniſh'd, to end their reſtraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or elſe (if your wiſdom ſhall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's riſing, and buſineſs is done,
That your Honour would pleaſe, at this dangerous criſis,
To take to your boſom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themſelves and Contention alive.

In compaſſion, good Sir, give them ſomething to ſay,
And your Honour's petitioners ever ſhall pray.

THE

TRIAL

OF

SARAH ****, alias SLIM SAL,

FOR

PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirſt of gain excited,
One day in July laſt, at tea,
And in the houſe of Mrs. P.
From the left breaſt of E. M. gent.
With baſe felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with ſtrings,
Reſt, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the ſaid E. M.

The proſecutor ſwore, laſt May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a viſit down in Kent:
That ſtaying there a month or two,
He ſpent his time as others do,

In,

In riding, walking, fiſhing, ſwimming;
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reaſoner,
He got acquainted with the priſoner.
He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in thoſe parts
That ſhe 'ad a trick of ſtealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two,
Had made the devil and all to do:
But Mr. W. the vicar,
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolics of a girl forſooth:
Things now were on another ſcore,
He ſaid; for ſhe was twenty-four.
However, to make matters ſhort,
And not to treſpaſs on the court,
The lady was diſcover'd ſoon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July laſt, or near it,
(As to the day, he could not ſwear it)
In company at Mrs. P.'s,
Where folks ſay any thing they pleaſe;
Dean L. and lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miſs Y.
(He own'd he was inclin'd to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The priſ'ner aſk'd, and call'd him couſin,
How many kiſſes made a dozen?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The queſtion made his blood run quicker,

T1330

And, ſenſe and reaſon in eclipſe,
He vow'd he'd ſcore them on her lips.
That riſing up to keep his word,
He got as far as kiſs the third,
And would have counted t' other nine,
And ſo all preſent did opine,
But that he felt a ſudden dizzineſs,
That quite undid him for the buſineſs:
His ſpeech, he ſaid, began to falter,
His eyes to ſtare, his mouth to water,
His breaſt to thump without ceſſation,
And all within one conflagration.
Bleſs me! ſays Fanny, what's the matter?
And lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And ſtamp'd, and wiſh'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, Part them, or there's murther!
That ſtill he held the pris'ner faſt,
And would have ſtood it to the laſt;
But ſtruggling to go through the reſt,
He felt a pain acroſs his breaſt,
A ſort of ſudden twinge, he ſaid,
That ſeem'd almoſt to ſtrike him dead,
And after that ſuch cruel ſmarting,
He thought the ſoul and body parting.
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And ſtagger'd off a ſtep or ſo;
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miſs Y.'s maid to feel.
That Fanny ſtept before the reſt,
And laid her hand upon his breaſt:

But,

But, mercy on us! what a ſtare
The creature gave! No heart was there;
Souſe went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart, and ſtrings, and all were ſtole.
That Fanny turn'd, and told the priſoner,
She was a thief, and ſo ſhe'd chriſten her;
And that it was a burning ſhame,
And brought the houſe an evil name;
And if ſhe did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs;
And told his reverence, and the reſt of 'em,
She was as honeſt as the beſt of 'em.
That lady Mary and dean L.
Roſe up and ſaid, 'Twas mighty well,
But that, in general terms they ſaid it,
A heart was gone, and ſome one had it:
Words would not do, for ſearch they muſt,
And ſearch they would, and her the firſt.
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And ſaid, ſhe hop'd they would not hang her;
That all ſhe did was meant in jeſt,
And there the heart was, and the reſt.
That then the dean cry'd out, O fie!
And ſent in haſte for juſtice I.
Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and ſo committed her.
The parties preſent ſwore the ſame;
And Fanny ſaid, the pris'ner's name

Had frighten'd all the country round;
And glad ſhe was the bill was found.
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who loſt his heart by mere ſurprize,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to ſqueak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her ſpeak:
For ſhe had words of ſuch a ſort,
That though ſhe knew no reaſon for't,
Would make a man of ſenſe run mad,
And rifle him of all he had;
And that ſhe'd rob the whole community,
If ever ſhe had opportunity.
The pris'ner now firſt ſilence broke,
And curtſy'd round her as ſhe ſpoke.
She own'd, ſhe ſaid, it much incens'd her,
To hear ſuch matters ſworn againſt her,
But that ſhe hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herſelf "eadem ſemper."
That what the proſecutor ſwore
Was ſome part true, and ſome part more:
She own'd ſhe had been often ſeen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow ſeem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that ſooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vaſtly,
And that all women elſe look'd ghaſtly.
But then ſhe hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,

Or

Or ſuffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiſs and ſlobber her;
She'd have folks know ſhe did not love it,
Or if ſhe did, ſhe was above it.
But this, ſhe ſaid, was ſworn of courſe,
To prove her giddy, and then worſe;
As ſhe whoſe conduct was thought "lævis,"
Might very well be reckon'd thieviſh.
She hop'd, ſhe ſaid, the court's diſcerning
Would pay ſome honour to her learning,
For every day from four to paſt ſix,
She went up-ſtairs, and read the claſſics.
Thus having clear'd herſelf of levity,
The reſt, ſhe ſaid, would come with brevity.
And firſt, it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For ſhe could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her:
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humbleſt of her ſlaves,
And often had confeſs'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That ſhe, as 'twas her conſtant faſhion,
Made great diverſion of his paſſion;
Which ſet his blood in ſuch a ferment,
As ſeem'd to threaten his interment:
That then ſhe was afraid of loſing him,
And ſo deſiſted from abuſing him;
And often came and felt his pulſe,
And bid him write to doctor Hulſe.

The

The profecutor thank'd her kindly,
And figh'd, and faid fhe look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was burfting,
And doctors he had little truft in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once fhe kept it.
That having no averfion to it,
She faid, with all her foul, fhe'd do it;
But then fhe begg'd him to remember,
If he fhould need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks fhiver,
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added,
'Twas her's for life, if once fhe had it.
The profecutor faid, Amen,
And that he wifh'd it not again;
And took it from his breaft and gave her,
And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;
But begg'd the thing might not be fpoke of,
As heartlefs men were made a joke of.
That next day, whifp'ring him about it,
And afking how he felt without it,
He figh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
Or that fhe'd give him her's inftead on't:
But fhe conceiv'd there was no need on't;
And faid, and bid him make no pother,
He fhould have neither one nor t'other.
That then he rav'd and ftorm'd like fury,
And faid, that one was his "de jure,"

And

And rather than he'd leave purſuing her,
He'd ſwear a robbery, and ruin her.
That this was truth ſhe did aver,
Whatever hap betided Her;
Only that Mrs. P. ſhe ſaid,
Miſs Y. and her deluded maid,
And lady Mary, and his reverence,
Were folks to whom ſhe paid ſome deference;
And that ſhe verily believ'd
They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
Then doctor D. begg'd leave to ſpeak,
And ſigh'd as if his heart would break.
He ſaid, that he was madam's ſurgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon,
From "cheir, manus, ergon, opus"
(As ſcope is from the Latin "ſcopus").
That he, he ſaid, had known the priſoner
From the firſt ſun that ever riſe on her;
And griev'd he was to ſee her there;
But took upon himſelf to ſwear,
There was not to be found in nature
A ſweeter or a better creature;
And if the king (God bleſs him) knew her,
He'd leave St. James's to get to her:
But then as to the fact in queſtion,
He knew no more on't than Hephæſtion;
It might be falſe, and might be true;
And this, he ſaid, was all he knew.
The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,

But often caſt a ſheep's eye at her,
And ſtrove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not ſo clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment;
And right or wrong, reſolv'd to ſave her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were ſo,
It matters not for us to know:
The culprit, by eſcape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teazes,
And robs or murders whom ſhe pleaſes.

F A B L E S

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE following Fables were written at intervals, when I found myſelf in humour, and diſengaged from matters of greater moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, ſo they are intended for the reading of thoſe, whoſe only buſineſs is amuſement. My hopes of profit, or applauſe, are not immoderate; nor have I printed through neceſſity, or requeſt of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highneſs to addreſs her, and I claim the fair for my readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations; I wrote to pleaſe myſelf, and I publiſh to pleaſe others; and this ſo univerſally, that I have not wiſhed for correctneſs to rob the critic of his cenſure, or my friend of the laugh.

My intimates are few, and I am not ſolicitous to increaſe them. I have learnt, that where the writer would pleaſe, the man ſhould be unknown. An author is the reverſe of all other objects, and magnifies by diſtance, but diminiſhes by approach. His private attachments muſt give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiſer than himſelf.

To

To avoid therefore the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental ſucceſs, I think it neceſſary to inform thoſe who know me, that I have been aſſiſted in the following papers by the Author of Guſtavus Vaſa *. Let the crime of pleaſing be his, whoſe talents as a writer, and whoſe virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

* Henry Brooke, Eſq.

FABLE

FABLE I.

The EAGLE, and the ASSEMBLY of BIRDS.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to ſweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart;
And ſhew the paths, that lead aſtray
The wand'ring nymph from wiſdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions underſtood;
Your monument if actions raiſe,
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ſpite.
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page,
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.
Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd;
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their ſuit. The Eagle ſate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, Prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate. This libel ſays,

" Some

" Some birds there are, who, prone to noiſe,
" Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice,
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The Kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's ſuff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller ſaid true;
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'reſt but their own;
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling ſpar'd."
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the ſland'rer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The Crow was vex'd. As yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new-ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The Owl aroſe, with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe.

That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe;
He libels not, who ſtrikes at theſe;
The ſlander's here---" But there are birds,
" Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks, not words;
" Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
" And always ſhoot beſide the mark."
He names not me; but theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conſcience, conſcience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his aſſociate fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

FABLE

FABLE II.

The PANTHER, the HORSE, and Other BEASTS.

THE man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs, which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs? Yes. I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſmilies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?

Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From four reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can beſtow.

Theſe are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and aſk to what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

BE-

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire.
Where-e'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies every week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal fill'd the place.
Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring.
Low-bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the Monkey ſpoke.
" Gad take me, madam, but I ſwear,
" No angel ever look'd ſo fair:
" Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
" You were not quite divine till now;
" Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
" O, cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs huſh,
I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate;
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.
The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence!

Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.
The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame;
And burnt---for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The Hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal Aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The Horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe, by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke.
When flatt'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful Fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wiſdom's rules;

Such

Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He ſaid; and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and ſought the plain.

FABLE III.

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lily, and the bluſhing roſe,
From public view her charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the crowd be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
" The faireſt fruits attract the flies."

ONE night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, ſo fine a creature.
All other inſects, that I ſee,
The frugal ant, induſtrious bee,
Or ſilk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who ſervilely their lives employ
In buſineſs, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my ſcorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or ſure am ſprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and ſhine.
Thoſe lights that ſparkle ſo on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the ſky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my fire.

She

She ſpoke. Attentive on a ſpray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Leſs dazzling, long thou might'ſt have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, ſoon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom ſhe adorns.

FABLE

FABLE IV.

HYMEN and DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye ſay? Nay then 'tis time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay---The ſettlement! "That's made."
Why then 's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.

THE ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic ſtride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his ſide.
The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentleſs Death, whoſe iron ſway
Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.

Shall

Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miſer, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
But muſt the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crowded altars ſmoke:
For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
Secure that Death will ſet them looſe.

FABLE V.

The POET and his PATRON.

WHY, Cælia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd ?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride ?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed !
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As nature every morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs ?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd ? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is ;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas ! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind !
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.

Beauty

Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But every woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the muſes there.
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble Youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,

And fought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his Patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience ſhown;
To chuſe, belongs to her alone.
May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens; and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpoſe known, the ſavage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a ſportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the Dam beſpoke.

Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear,
Truſt me, no enemy is near;
Theſe jaws, in ſlaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder buſineſs brings me now,
Vanquiſh'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter —— Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's addreſs---In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And ſet my marrow all on flame;
Let your conſent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep,
While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep.

Diſcourſe like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd;

Now

Now fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements, and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her boſom ſwells;
To Miſs her happy fate ſhe tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma beſt knew
What inexperienc'd girls ſhould do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal aſs the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's ſide,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter-lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The craſhing bones he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment paſt,
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find in human race,
A maſk conceals the villain's face)

Juſtice muſt authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durſt not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in queſt of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marſh he fought;
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food muſt be had, and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lie.
Is this (diſſembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's deſtroying race,
She ſets her huſband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound
To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?
Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So ſaying, on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE

FABLE VII.

The GOOSE, and the SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudy'd look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.

With what ſuperior grace enchants
The face, which Nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom, and good-humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety, and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love,
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, leſs fair?
If nature on your cheek beſtows
A bloom, that emulates the roſe,

Or from ſome heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When ſuch, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the crowd,
At every public ſhow are ſeen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dreſs attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may under-do her part,
But ſeldom wants the help of art;
Truſt Her; ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train,
With proud, and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay, geeſe hobble in their pace;
Look here! the ſland'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is ſo erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my word,
A gooſe would be the finer bird.

Nature,

Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
  Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.
  So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt, and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
  A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.
  Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,

And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling gooſe.

Learn hence, to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE

FABLE VIII.

The LAWYER, and JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning gentleneſs of mind,
That can, by ſympathy, impart
Its likeneſs to the rougheſt heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His roſy fingers on her face
Shed laviſh every blooming grace,
And ſtamp'd (perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt image on her clay,
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhion'd in a different mould,
With uſeful arts his mind inform'd,
His breaſt with nobler paſſions warm'd;

He

He gave him knowledge, taſte and ſenſe,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, reſiſtleſs to each wrong,
Demands protection from the ſtrong;
To man ſhe flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's ſov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakneſs, he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting love, and ſoft deſire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breaſt points the dart,
Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence?

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous ſheep,
Was never ſet the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance, to betray;
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to-morrow's lie.

Sudden

Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Juſtice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook,
Looſe every joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He aſk'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears, nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
And rarely iſſues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd. Her breaſt with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own

I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, ſkill'd in Romiſh lies,
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes;
O'er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man to ſave his ſoul.

The doctor, with important face,
By ſly deſign, miſtakes the caſe;
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour Juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
Th' exaſperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuſe thy own?
For fickly ſouls the prieſt was made;
Phyſicians, for the body's aid;
The ſoldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.

If

If all are faithleſs to their truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.
Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
And bar the ſanction of my name;
Within your courts it ſhall be read,
That Juſtice from the law is fled.
She ſpoke; and hid in ſhades her face,
'Till HARDWICKE ſooth'd her into grace.

FABLE

FABLE IX.

The FARMER, the SPANIEL, and the CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I ſaid, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I ſay ſhe equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But inſtantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit leſſen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All muſt be blind, becauſe you ſee.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe?
Or where the lily's ſnowy white,
That throws ſuch beauties on the ſight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That theſe are neither ſweet, nor fair.
The cryſtal ſhines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will ſay, the di'mond dies,
Before the luſtre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither ſhine when you are by.

When

When zephirs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows;
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.
Shall envy then torment your breaſt,
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due,
By praiſing them I flatter you;
And praiſing moſt, I ſtill declare
You faireſt, where the reſt are fair.

AS at his board a Farmer ſate,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
'Till ſated now, ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.
The hungry cat in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the Maſter knew,
And ſtrait the fatt'ning morſel threw:
Enrag'd the ſnarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with ſpiteful envy, ſpoke.
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat.

Me,

Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields, and ſpring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy ſheep;
At home his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breaſt with kindneſs glows;
For this, his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you?

I own (with meekneſs Puſs reply'd)
Superior merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompens'd ſo well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?

Thy words are juſt, the Farmer cry'd,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.

FABLE

FABLE X.

The SPIDER, and the BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd,
You ſaw the boy his lime-twigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Leſt, heedleſs, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, and feather'd-brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has power to wound.
The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While ſalmon play regardleſs by,
'Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peaſant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with reſtleſs care,
She ſpun her web, and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain,
Or flutt'ring, ſtruggled in the toils,
To burſt the chains, and ſhun her wiles.
A ſtraying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy ſlender threads no more;
A thoughtleſs fly or two, at moſt,
Is all the conqueſt thou canſt boaſt;
For bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that diſplays
Her ſpreading foliage to the gaze;

That

That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me: where bluſhing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modeſt roſe,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
Reluctant, ſhe my ardour meets,
And baſhful, renders up her ſweets.
To wiſer heads attention lend,
And learn this leſſon from a friend.
She, who with modeſty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires,
While ſuch incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own ſchemes undo.

FABLE XI.

The YOUNG LION, and the APE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peeviſh grow, and ſick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteneſs of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquiſition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; paſs a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe and good-humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis, ſimpleſt of your ſex,
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape,
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt:
To-morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.

Your

Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant, hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often, ere you anſwer, yes;
But once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound.
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze,
Nor uſe your pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When ſoon, or late, they muſt obey.

THE King of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train.
Why cringe my friends with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counſels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wiſe;
Subjection let us caſt away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;

'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
And mercy from oppreſſion learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himſelf has felt.
He ſpoke; his boſom ſwell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.
What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compaſſion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools,
From women thou haſt drawn thy rules:
To them return; in ſuch a cauſe,
From only ſuch expect applauſe;
The partial ſex I not condemn,
For liking thoſe, who copy them.
Would'ſt thou the gen'rous Lion bind,
By kindneſs bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeneſs get,
And payment leſſens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'reſt, ſcorn for ſcorn.

FABLE

FABLE XII.

The COLT, and the FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why ſo averſe, ſo coy to man?
Did nature, laviſh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts, and ſpurn her laws?
And miſer-like, with-hold that ſtore,
Which, by imparting, bleſſes more?
Beauty's a gift, by heav'n aſſign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by waſting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to ruſt, or time to ſteal?
The ſummer of your youth to rove,
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter haſtens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rleſs to court ſome peaſant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breaſt,
For blooming beauty, once poſſeſs'd;

How will you curſe that ſtubborn pride,
Which drove your bark acroſs the tide,
And ſailing before folly's wind,
Left ſenſe and happineſs behind?
Corinna, leſt theſe whims prevail,
To ſuch as you, I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood, and mettled ſpeed,
The choiceſt of the running breed,
Of youthful ſtrength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd ſubjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious ſkill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the maſter's forming care
Reſtrain'd with threats, or ſooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and ſcorning man,
Wild o'er the ſpacious plains he ran.
Where-e'er luxuriant nature ſpread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling ſtreams ſoft-gliding paſs,
To cool and freſhen up the graſs,
Diſdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the ſpoil he made.
In plenty thus the ſummer paſs'd,
Revolving winter came at laſt;
The trees no more a ſhelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual ſnows inveſt the ground,
In icy chains the ſtreams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unſhelter'd ſides aſſail.

As

As round he caſt his rueful eyes,
He ſaw the thatch'd-roof cottage riſe;
The proſpect touch'd his heart with chear,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A ſtable, erſt his ſcorn and hate,
Was now become his wiſh'd retreat;
His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he ſought.

The Maſter ſaw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd, and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe, all night he lay;
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he ſtruggles, or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the ſoil;
While ſcanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguiſh rent,
His ſelf-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he ſighing ſaid,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my reſtive youth been brought
To learn the leſſon nature taught,
Then had I, like my ſires of yore,
The prize from every courſer bore;

While

While man beſtow'd rewards, and praiſe,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now laſting ſervitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my ſpeed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

The OWL, and the NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the miſtreſs' humour right,
See if her maids are clean, and tight;
If Betty waits without her ſtays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miſs comes in with boiſt'rous ſhout,
And drops no curtſy going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſwage,
She feels enthuſiaſtic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts, and workings of the ſpirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are ſweet, to ſuch a wife.
At home, ſuperior wit ſhe vaunts,
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offſpring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of ſoul;
With books her litter'd floor is ſpread,
Of nameleſs authors, never read;

Foul

Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.
Abroad, at viſitings, her tongue
Is never ſtill, and always wrong;
All meanings ſhe defines away,
And ſtands, with truth and ſenſe, at bay.
If e'er ſhe meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the houſewife's uſeful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She ſtarts at ſuch miſtakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
Meliſſa, if the moral ſtrike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

AN Owl, puff'd up with ſelf-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuſcripts he treaſur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's ſhop;
At paſtry-cooks was known to ply,
And ſtrip, for ſcience, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treaſures were his own;
To all his authors had acceſs,
And ſometimes would correct the preſs.
In logick he acquir'd ſuch knowledge,
You'd ſwear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art, and ſcience,
His daring genius bid defiance,

And

And ſwallow'd wiſdom, with that haſte,
That cits do cuſtards at a feaſt.

Within the ſhelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he muſing ſtood,
Hard by, upon a leafy ſpray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he ſtarts, with anger ſtung,
And, ſcreeching, interrupts the ſong.

Pert, buſy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations ſoar.
What is the muſic of thy voice,
But jarring diſſonance, and noiſe?
Be wiſe. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious ſtudy gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs muſt ſing, ſing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So ſhalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance, and pride,
Aſk all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyſelf, thy talents ſcan,
Science was only meant for man.

No uſeleſs authors me moleſt,
I mind the duties of my neſt;
With careful wing protect my young,
And chear their ev'nings with a ſong.
Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men, and birds I claim applauſe;
While, nurs'd in pedantry, and ſloth,
An Owl is ſcorn'd alike by both.

FABLE

FABLE XIV.

The SPARROW, and the DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blithſome day,
When pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the ſpring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs, and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conqueſt vain,
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe, bow'd round.
For every ſhe his boſom burns,
And this, and that he wooes by turns;
And here a ſigh, and there a bill,
And here---thoſe eyes, ſo form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he ſtrings
Unmeaning, ſoft, reſiſtleſs things;
With vows, and dem-me's ſkill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;

No,

No, truſt me, ſays our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better;
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts,
To ſhew his own ſuperior parts,
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.
Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day;
With careleſs impudence drew near,
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the maſon's ſign,
The conſcious can alone divine.
The ſlutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!---pray Sir, explain your meaning——
Go prate to thoſe, that may endure ye---
To me this rudeneſs!---I'll aſſure ye!——
Then off ſhe glided, like a ſwallow,
As ſaying---you gueſs where to follow.
To ſuch as know the party ſet,
'Tis needleſs to declare they met;
The parſon's barn, as authors mention,
Confeſs'd the fair had apprehenſion.
Her honour there ſecure from ſtain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But ruſh'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hiſt, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while; I fear we're ſpy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he ſaw
A Turtle, ruſtling in the ſtraw,

While

While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!
Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;

While fear for what our ſouls poſſeſs,
Enervates every pow'r to bleſs;
Yet friendſhip forms the bliſs above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt ſomething moving in his heart,
But quickly, with diſdain, ſuppreſs'd
The virtue, riſing in his breaſt;
And firſt he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, ſmil'd and bow'd.
Madam, you muſt not think me rude;
Good-manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good-nature---
(Upon my ſoul a charming creature!)
Are theſe the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloiſter'd, mopeing life?
No doubt, that odious thing call'd duty,
Is a ſweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is meaſur'd to thy want of ſkill;
That good old-faſhion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other.
The greateſt ill in the creation,
Is ſure the want of education.
But think ye?---tell me without feigning,
Have all theſe charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyſhip much better.
For ſhame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taſte enjoyment;

Where

Where time by circling bliſs we meaſure ;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleaſure :
Come, prove the bleſſing, follow me,
Be wiſe, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaſte,
Your zeal ſeems pretty much in haſte ;
I own, the fondneſs to be bleſs'd
Is a deep thirſt in every breaſt ;
Of bleſſings too I have my ſtore,
Yet quarrel not, ſhould heav'n give more ;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your moſt obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant ſpoke, and ſmil'd ſuperior.
Methinks, to quit your boaſted ſtation
Requires a world of heſitation ;
Where brats, and bonds are held a bleſſing,
The caſe, I doubt, is paſt redreſſing.
Why, child, ſuppoſe the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cauſe ſufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curſe of marriage ;
That fly decoy, with vary'd ſnares,
That takes your widgeon in by pairs ;
Alike to huſband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life ;
The only method of forecaſting,
To make misfortune firm, and laſting ;
The ſin, by heav'n's peculiar ſentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.

It is the double ſnake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcaſs ſtill aſtray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give Me frank nature's wild demeſne,
And boundleſs tract of air ſerene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to ſport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliſs is worth beſtowing;
Delights, ſtill vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddeſs of the hills! are thine.
What ſay you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, ſpoke reaſon, think you?
You take me now for no romancer---
Come, never ſtudy for an anſwer;
Away, caſt every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone ſhall find ye.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A queſtion more, or ſo---and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with ſenſe exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do thoſe of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell,
"What does the buſineſs full as well."
Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leiſure."
Have you no friendſhips? "Yes, for pleaſure."

No

No care for little ones? "We get 'em,
"The reſt the mothers mind, and let 'em."
Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite loſt to life, as loſt to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how juſt!
And come misfortune ſurely muſt;
In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
In that, your hour of trial, ſay,
Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all tranſient chear,
And blaſts the melancholy year;
For times, at no perſuaſion, ſtay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by ſolly fed,
That ſoul of pertneſs, whither fled?
All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſs'd;
No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall ſeek thy cold, unſocial ſide;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſon's force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;

But torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Fore-boding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subſiſts, through univerſal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,
The ſource of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came;
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs,
Through many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the ſky,
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to ſight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſeal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems, of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;

Within

Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form, and hue;
Then pour'd her leſſer offſpring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming, and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond, celeſtial fire,
The Mind perceiv'd unknown deſire,
And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the ſympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own reſemblance there;
On all with circling radiance ſhone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There claſp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever bleſſing, ever bleſs'd,
Reſides this beauty of the breaſt;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound,
Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.
The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in ſweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and ſpirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;

Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in muſic twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can ſhake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the ſtem, and ſcion ſtand,
Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,
They check the tempeſt's wintry rage,
And bloom and ſtrengthen into age.
A thouſand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaſte deſire,
Fan, and ſupport the mutual fire,
Whoſe flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial ſanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and deſcends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celeſtial head.
The fire, firſt ſpringing from above,
Becomes the ſource of life, and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondneſs down on ſons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide,
While kindred ſtreams, on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinſman on thy road rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice,

With

With partial eyes no parents ſee,
And bleſs their years reſtor'd in thee.
In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide,
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſe rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving pow'r! great ſource of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou lendeſt from above,
Though little, make it large in love.
O bid my feeling heart expand
To every claim, on every hand;
To thoſe, from whom my days I drew,
To theſe, in whom thoſe days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!
But chief, the lord of my deſire,
My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name;
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my ſole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,

And

And every needleſs bleſſing ſpare,
Wherein my darling wants a ſhare.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And ſweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings careſs'd,
Give all the lover to my breaſt.
Then in our chaſte, connubial bed,
My boſom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
And watch, with me, my lord's repoſe,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my ſex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And ſpare me for my huſband's ſake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure deſire our boſoms warm,
One will direct, one wiſh inform;
Through life, one mutual aid ſuſtain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While, ſwelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
The well-known wings a ſound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart!
Quick dropp'd the muſic of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, ſhe ſprung.
As ſwift her ent'ring conſort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;

Their

Their wings their ſouls embracing meet,
Their hearts with anſw'ring meaſure beat;
Half loſt in ſacred ſweets, and bleſs'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er expreſs'd.
Strait to her humble roof ſhe led
The partner of her ſpotleſs bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported, to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round.
In pleaſure wrapt, the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The ſire, his life-ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n, though won with toil;
While, all collected at the ſight,
And ſilent through ſupreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord, and infants ſmiles.
The Sparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he ſaw, what only ſeem'd,
A fact, ſo late a fable deem'd,
His ſoul to envy he reſign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In ſecret wiſh'd a turtle too,
And ſighing to himſelf, withdrew.

FABLE

FABLE XV.

The FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being, in the breath of fame,
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

Though distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error? None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.

The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waneing face,
All-beauteous, from her late diſgrace,
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To cloath a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;

Again

Again from every latent root
The bladed ſtem, and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning ſuns, decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?---is this
What we demand of woman?---Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte, and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?---No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls, to riſe no more.

WITHIN this ſublunary ſphere,
A country lies---no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A ſtream, call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;

And

And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect, as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious ſtep their darling led;

By

By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd.
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubtful period none can know,
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where Reaſon's mute, and Senſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love, and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which Virtue, and her ſons purſue!
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence,

Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.

At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs, leading up to light:
Senſe backwards ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs, incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O! thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm, or pain impede!
To ſuch th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;

Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte;
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow;
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe, and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulphy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.

But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,

Thy

Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy preſence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd.
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-ſtruck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtues at the ſight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded Dame,
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
New-melts the froſt in every breaſt,

The cheek with ſecret fluſhing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.

And now, for momentary reſt,
The Nymph her travel'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.

Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey,
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk, and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The Maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung.

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;

Taſte what extaſies they give,
Dying raptures taſte, and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair-One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;

Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd:
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd,
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears.

Still

Still down, and down, the winning Pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock, and dangerous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar,
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling every bar to ſin,
And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The Dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, reſtor'd;
'Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend, and handmaid now no more;

Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch, betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt the veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.
And now, from all-enquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cry'd!
Her trumpet ſlander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;

Contempt

Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd, and blaſted every grace;
Officious ſhame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide,
And every lewd, inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.

What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.

Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left a hoſt of friends:
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,

The

The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, care, and melancholy, made.
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill;
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,

Un-

Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung.

Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies;
Come, thy ſiſter-angels ſay,
Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the ſmooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.
Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting ſtreams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glaſs,
Joys, that in poſſeſſion paſs;
Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles, vain!
Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
On the billow build her neſt?
Will the bee demand his ſtore
From the bleak, and bladeleſs ſhore?
Man alone, intent to ſtray,
Ever turns from wiſdom's way.

Lays

Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the ſea, and plows the ſand.

Soon this elemental maſs,
Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs,
Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.

Then, ye boaſted works of men,
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a ſcepter, graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.

Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an univerſe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd.
Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore,
Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own.

What though hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy ſide.

When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt,
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.
Little native of the ſkies,
Lovely penitent, ariſe,
Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleaſure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes, that grace a king.
On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumphs wait;
On my cares, a period bleſs'd;
On my toils, eternal reſt.
Come, with virtue at thy ſide,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native ſhore,
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

FABLE XVI.

LOVE, and VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health, and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
A Nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace, and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence, and ease;
And, curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness, and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly,---Sir, your servant.
Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair-one, you do the country grace;
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes,

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confeſſes whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride, and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I ſway
The utmoſt iſlands of the ſea;
Within my court all honour centers,
I raiſe the meaneſt ſoul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts, and graces,
And model fools for poſts and places.
As Vanity appoints at pleaſure,
The world receives its weight, and meaſure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, paſſions, peace and ſtrife.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I ſtep in, where nature fails,
And every breach of ſenſe repairing,
Am bounteous ſtill, where heav'n is ſparing.
But chief in all their arts, and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robeing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From ſix to ſixty, ſick, or ſound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boaſt dominion quite ſo wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love, and meekneſs ſway'd?

All

All other empire I reſign,
But be the ſphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of reſt,
That opens on a woman's breaſt,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuſe to live, and chuſe to reign.
Far-ſighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army ſtrong,
And chaſtity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowlineſs, to whoſe mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modeſty, with downcaſt eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With ſweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All ſmiling ſiſters, three times three,
And roſy peace, the cherub bleſs'd,
That nightly ſings us all to reſt.
Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the firſt ſtep of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has ſkirted every ſhade with white;
Has ſtood for imitation high,
To every heart, and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;

To

To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle science, she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light, and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.
And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?

And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, theſe high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning---in romances.
Why, what unfaſhion'd ſtuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll ſhoot your next opinion ſurer.
O ſuch a pretty knack at painting!
And all for ſoft'ning, and for fainting!
Gueſs now, who can, a ſingle feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looſer hand may ſit
The lines, too coarſe for Love to hit.
'Tis ſaid that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reaſon, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackleſs, and ſhifting as the wind,
A ſea, whoſe fathom none can find,
A moon, ſtill changing, and revolving,
A riddle, paſt all human ſolving,
A bliſs, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A-----ſomething, which no man can tell.
Now learn a ſecret from a friend,
But keep your counſel, and attend.
Though in their tempers thought ſo diſtant,
Nor with their ſex, nor ſelves conſiſtent,

'Tis

'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
And every woman is the ſame.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes, and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and ſtorms,
Though in a thouſand ſuits array'd,
Is of one ſubject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's conſtitution,
The world's enigma, finds ſolution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the ſubject eſſence ſtill.
With the firſt ſpark of female ſenſe,
The ſpeck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make freſh advances,
And dictate future qualms, and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taſte to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noiſe.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I ſend the flutt'ring ſoul abroad;
Prais'd for her ſhape, her face, her mien,
The little goddeſs, and the queen
Takes at her infant ſhrine oblation,
And drinks ſweet draughts of adulation.
Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dreſs, becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I ſwell the hoop's enchanted round,

Shrink in the waiſt's deſcending ſize,
Heav'd in the ſnowy boſom, riſe,
High on the floating lappet ſail,
Or curl'd in treſſes, kiſs the gale.
Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
And ſhew the lovely idol there,
Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
She bows with moſt ſincere devotion,
And numb'ring every beauty o'er,
In ſecret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what paſſion!
And churches, ſometimes---if the faſhion;
For woman's ſenſe of right, and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And ſwims the ſtraw of every ſtream.
Her ſoul intrinſic worth rejects,
Accompliſh'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wiſeſt acquiſition,
And ev'n from pity, and diſdain,
She'll cull ſome reaſon to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth, and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fewel to my fire,
And on the very baſe of ſhame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.

Thoſe ſhining virtues, which you muſter,
Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
From native honour, and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Truſt me, from titled dames to ſpinners,
'Tis I make ſaints, whoe'er makes ſinners;
'Tis I inſtruct them to withdraw,
And hold preſumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inſpire,
In juſt degrees, ſtill mounts the higher,
And virtue, ſo extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price;
Like Sampſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the ſex's tott'ring ſtate;
Sap theſe, and in a moment's ſpace,
Down ſinks the fabric to its baſe.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
I ſpring, the fount of female joys;
In every widow, wife, and miſs,
The ſole artificer of bliſs.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the ſand of every ſhore;
To them uniting Indias ſail,
Sabæa breathes her fartheſt gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig ſenſe and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention:

Nor bliſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
They hold the ſov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boaſted art,
I ſoothe the heavings of the heart;
To pain give ſplendor, and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace, and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;
Through every age, in every nation,
Taſte, talents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation,
Whate'er a woman ſays, I ſay;
Whate'er a woman ſpends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery, and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude diſdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply---
But ſoft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmoſt mazes to unravel,
And touch the fartheſt ſtep they travel.

When every pleaſure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd through many a round;
The nymph, conceiving diſcontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, ſhed in pious moiſture,
Diſmiſs her to a church, or cloyſter;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conſpicuous in her dreſs, and motion,

Inſpire

Inſpire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her lateſt hour;
The couch of decent pain I ſpread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
Then do I ſet, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to ſight,
The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And laſt, preſenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
And form the heav'n ſhe hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd Love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And ſtrange, in all the toilſome way,
No houſe of kind refreſhment lay,
No nymph, whoſe virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her ſex exempted.
For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by ſuch permiſſion,
Will hold herſelf the one ſelected,
And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then ſweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypſipile, who ſav'd her ſire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne paſs' unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Catherine, ſmiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things, call'd fables!
And thus the Goddeſs turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddeſs, whom our grandames knew,
Of aſpect grave, and ſober gaite,
Majeſtic, aweful, and ſedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve ſerene,
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene;

Once

Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their ſtrife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were ſtated,
In form and manner as related;
The caſe was ſhort. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the Goddeſs, anſwering mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head, and ſmil'd.
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you,
But from their preſence long precluded,
Or held as one, whoſe form intruded,
Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,
Prudence has bid the ſex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gaite, and air,
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,
With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now,

Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occaſion
To try your force of gay perſuaſion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.
At once, ſo ſaid, and ſo conſented;
And well our Goddeſs ſeem'd contented;
Nor pauſing, made a moment's ſtand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.
Mean while the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erſt had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-ſtring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her ſecret ſoul addreſs'd,
Transfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the Dame, whoſe guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thouſand beauties ruſh to ſight;

A world

A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd ſtands the love-ſick maid,
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond deſire.

END OF FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A

HYMN to POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou ſource of human art,
Thou great inſpirer of the poet's ſong!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unleſs thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. Muſic's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to pleaſe:
Thou giv'ſt the organ ſound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:
Thou gav'ſt to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's ſong.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The ſoldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gown-man feels,
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's myſtic truths.
The haughty fair, that ſwells with proud diſdain,
And ſmiles at miſchiefs, which her eyes have made,
Thou humbleſt to ſubmit and bleſs mankind.
Hail, Pow'r omnipotent! Me uninvok'd
Thou deign'ſt to viſit, far, alas! unfit

To

To bear thy awful preſence. O, retire!
At diſtance let me view thee; leſt too nigh,
I ſink beneath the terrors of thy face!

THE

LOVER and the FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I ſtring,
Of whom I ſpeak, and think, and ſing!
Thou conſtant object of my joys,
Whoſe ſweetneſs every wiſh employs!
Thou deareſt of thy ſex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring ſtrain;
No idle praiſe my verſe ſhall ſtain;
The lowly numbers ſhall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modeſty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not diſtant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, faireſt, if I try
To ſteal the moiſture from your eye,
Or force your heart a ſigh to ſend,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness, or disdain:
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills, that want a name;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd

Curs'd be all wealth that can deſtroy
My utmoſt hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune! I reſign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life ſhall lend,
Shall bleſs the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The laſt ſad remedy remains,
'Tis abſence that muſt heal my pains,
Thy image from my boſom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though ſeas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my ſoul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea muſt depart,
And death's deciſive ſtroke muſt end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

SONGS.

SONG the FIRST.

I.

THUS I ſaid to my heart, in a pet t'other day,
I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wiſhes your moments employ,
But you ſleep in my breaſt without motion or joy.

II.

When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas ſweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could often-times laugh;
Your burnings and akings I ſtrove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

III.

When I walk'd up the Mall, or ſtroll'd thro' the ſtreet,
Not a petticoat bruſh'd me, but then you could beat,
Or if bang went the hoop againſt corner or poſt,
In the magical round you were ſure to be loſt.

IV.

But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the feat of delight if the tippet ſhould hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aſide.

V.

Is it caution, or dread, or the froſt of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?
Tell me quickly the cauſe, for it makes me quite mad,
In the ſummer's gay ſeaſon to ſee you ſo ſad.

VI.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me to ſtray;
He that hunts down a woman, muſt run a d —— d way:
Like a hare ſhe can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, ſecure in the chace, her purſuers ſhe mocks.

VII.

For Cloe I burnt with an innocent flame,
And beat to the muſic that breath'd out her name;
Three ſummers flew over the caſtles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddeſs a jilt.

VIII.

Next Thais, the wanton, my wiſhes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel deſtroy'd:
Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
But, unlike him, was ſcorch'd, and compell'd to retire.

IX. Recruited

IX.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again;
Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a ſhoe,
Ever paſs'd you by day-light, but at it I flew.

X.

Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
For reſt I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open to lead me aſtray,
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

XI.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to aſk for, or wiſh my return:
Neither Thais, nor Cloe, again ſhall enflame,
But a nymph more provoking than all you can name.

XII.

This ſaid, with a bound from my boſom he flew;
O, Phillis! theſe eyes ſaw him poſting to you;
Enſlav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I ſhall never poſſeſs him again.

SONG the SECOND.

COLLIN.

BE ſtill, O ye winds, and attentive, ye ſwains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my ſtrains;
The ſun never roſe on, ſearch all the world through,
A ſhepherd ſo bleſt, or a fair one ſo true.

PHEBE.

Glide ſoftly, ye ſtreams, O ye nymphs, round me throng,
'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my ſong;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden ſo bleſt, or a ſhepherd ſo kind.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COLLIN.

With Phebe beſide me, the ſeaſons how gay!
Then Winter's bleak months ſeem as pleaſant as May;
The Summer's gay verdure ſprings ſtill as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing through the meads.

PHEBE.

When Collin is abſent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the ſunſhine, how barren the ground!
Inſtead of the linnet and nightingale's ſong,
I hear the hoarſe raven croak all the day long.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

O'er hill, dale and valley my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love ſhall be by:
Her Collin ſhall guard her ſafe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains ſhall repay.

PHEBE.

By moonlight, when ſhadows glide over the plain,
His kiſſes ſhall chear me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

COLLIN.

Ye ſhepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your tranſports, how laſting your pain!
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

PHEBE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG the THIRD.

I.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay aſleep by a river ſo deep,
That round in meanders was ſtraying.

II.

His boſom was bare, and for whiteneſs ſo rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of ſuch hue, that the roſe wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half ſo freſh in a morning.

III.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him ſhe lay,
Her wiſhes too warm for diſguiſing;
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in ſurprize,
And bluſh'd like the ſun at his riſing.

IV.

She ſung him a ſong, as he leant on his prong,
And reſted her arm on his ſhoulder;
She preſs'd his coy cheek to her boſom ſo ſleek,
And taught his two arms to infold her.

V.

The ruſtic grown kind, by a kiſs told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his bleſſing:
Together they ſtray'd, and ſung, frolick'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no gueſſing.

SONG

SONG the FOURTH.

HE.

LET rakes for pleaſure range the town,
Or miſers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty ſmile, or fortune frown,
The ſweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge deſire,
How ſoon the fleeting pleaſure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And ſuch ſhall ſtill be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

Let roving ſwains young hearts invade,
The pleaſure ends in ſhame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, ſimple Molly.

SHE.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmleſs maids who marry;
But now ſhe finds her ſhepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithleſs Harry.

BOTH.

But we'll together ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

By cooling ſtreams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly ſtray where love ſhall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let guilt the faithleſs boſom fright,
The conſtant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and ſweet delight,
And love ſhall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.

Together ſtill we'll ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG

SONG the FIFTH.

I.

STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally ſing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels ſhall fly, as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
And echo ſhall victory ring;
Then ſafe from alarms, we'll reſt on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

II.

Then commerce once more ſhall bring wealth to our ſhore,
And plenty and peace bleſs the iſle;
The peaſant ſhall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the ſweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS.

The rebels, &c.

III.

Kind love ſhall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to ſofter alarms;
Coy Phillis ſhall burn at her ſoldier's return,
And bleſs the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

The rebels ſhall fly, as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
And echo ſhall victory ring;
Then ſafe from alarms, we'll reſt on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

SONG

SONG the SIXTH.

I.

TO make the wife kind, and to keep the houſe ſtill,
You muſt be of her mind, let her ſay what ſhe will;
In all that ſhe does you muſt give her her way,
For tell her ſhe's wrong, and you lead her aſtray.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, take care, of ſuſpicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves,
As to make by your jealouſy horns for yourſelves.

II.

Abroad all the day if ſhe chuſes to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her abſence, ſhe'll ſigh to come home;
The man ſhe likes beſt, and longs moſt to get at,
Be ſure to commend, and ſhe'll hate him for that.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, &c.

III.

What virtues ſhe has, you may ſafely oppoſe,
Whatever her follies are, praiſe her for thoſe;
Applaud all her ſchemes that ſhe lays for a man,
For accuſe her of vice, and ſhe'll ſin if ſhe can.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, take care, of ſuſpicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves,
As to make by your jealouſy horns for yourſelves.

SONG

SONG the SEVENTH.

DAMON.

HARK, hark, o'er the plains how the merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

PHILLIS.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O, Damon, I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.

DAMON.

The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Dear shepherd, forbear, and to-morrow I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

DAMON.

No, no, Phillis, no, on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid;
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
His bliſs ſilly Damon delay'd;
To church let us go, and if there I ſay no,
O then let me die an old maid.

SONG the EIGHTH.

I.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boaſted, and ſeek not to hide;
I dwell on her praiſes wherever I go,
They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer no, no.

II.

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleaſure I ſee
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer no, no.

III.

She ſings me a ſong, and I echo each ſtrain,
Again I cry, Jenny! ſweet Jenny, again!
I kiſs her ſoft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I anſwer no, no.

IV. She

IV.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so;
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no, no?

V.

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not Her heart, but would conquer my own:
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no?

VI.

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah! why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

SONG

SONG the NINTH.

I.

YOU tell me I'm handſome, I know not how true,
And eaſy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
That my lips are as red as the roſe-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, ſweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, muſt flatter me more.

II.

If beauty from virtue receive no ſupply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My eaſe and good-humour ſhort raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a ſpring.
For charms ſuch as theſe then, your praiſes give o'er,
To love me for life, you muſt love me for more.

III.

Then talk to me not of a ſhape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour, as ſunſhine the day;
For that if you love me, your flame ſhall be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG

SONG the TENTH.

I.

HOW bleſt has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſe my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

II.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſe and me.

III.

To try her ſweet temper ſometimes am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles.

IV.

What though on her cheek the roſe loſes its hue,
Her eaſe and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time ſtill as he flies brings increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

V.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

SONG

SONG the ELEVENTH.

I.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Collin has room,
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu;
I haſte to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy aroſe;
And forth to the green-turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Collin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

III.

How long, my lov'd Collin, ſhe cry'd,
How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly,
For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would ſhe lie down and die.

IV. Alas!

IV.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
Her face like the lily ſo fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and thoſe eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death ſhall her Collin deplore.

V.

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground:
I hear the kind call, and obey,
Oh, Collin, receive me, ſhe cry'd!
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone and dy'd.

SONG the TWELFTH.

I.

FOR a ſhape and a bloom, and an air and a mien,
Myrtilla was brighteſt of all the gay green;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Thoſe her beauties invited, her pride would deſtroy.

II.

By the flocks as ſhe ſtray'd with the nymphs of the vale,
Not a ſhepherd but woo'd her to hear her ſoft tale;
Though fatal the paſſion, ſhe laugh'd at the ſwain,
And return'd with neglect, what ſhe heard with diſdain.

III.

But beauty has wings and too haſtily flies,
And love unrewarded, ſoon ſickens and dies.
The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
Now ſighs in her turn for the bliſs ſhe denied.

IV.

No longer ſhe frolicks it wide o'er the plain,
To kill with her coyneſs the languiſhing ſwain;
So humbled her pride is, ſo ſoftened her mind,
That, though courted by none, ſhe to all would be kind.

SONG the THIRTEENTH.

I.

WHEN Damon languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how ſweet!
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

II.

The conqueſt gain'd, he left his prize
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to deſpair;
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the ſpirit there.

THE

NUN;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OF Conſtance holy legends tell,
The ſofteſt ſiſter of the cell;
None ſent to heav'n ſo ſweet a cry,
Or roll'd at maſs ſo bright an eye.
No wanton taint her boſom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly viſion flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus ſhe breath'd divineſt airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks, and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaſte-ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And ſolitude, and ſilence reign.

The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To heav'n the ſacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whiſper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy ſongs.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamper'd monks ſhould dare
Intrude where ſainted veſtals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weet
Thoſe holy looks are all deceit.
With ſhame the muſe prolongs her tale,
The Prieſt was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion faulter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to ſigh,
And love, the ſweet paſſion, forbid!
O, father! my follies forgive,
And ſtill to abſolve me be nigh;
Your leſſons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O! teach me to die!

To her arms in a rapture he ſprung,
Her boſom, half-naked, met his;
Tranſported in ſilence ſhe hung,
And melted away at each kiſs.
Ah, father! expiring ſhe cry'd,
With rapture I yield up my breath!
Ah, daughter! he fondly reply'd,
The righteous find comfort in death.

SOLOMON,

A

SERENATA:

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jeruſalem, thy king,
Whoſe praiſes all the nations ſing!
To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
All arts and wiſdom under heav'n:
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Zion's daughters ſwell the ſong:
While young and old their voices raiſe,
And wake the echoes with his praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes;
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And ſweets through all the air convey.

AIR

AIR.

Tell me, lovely ſhepherd, where
Thou feed'ſt at noon thy fleecy care?
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
Leſt by the flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way:
Where reſt at noon, thy bleating care,
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where?

AIR.

HE. Faireſt of the virgin throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
See yon fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod:
Purſue the prints their feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whoſe boughs
Ripe fruit with ſtreaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that ſhade the grove,
So ſhines, among his ſex, my love.

AIR.

Beneath his ample ſhade I lay,
Defended from the ſultry day;
His cooling fruit my thirſt aſſuag'd,
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd;
'Till ſated with the luſcious taſte,
I roſe and bleſt the ſweet repaſt.

RECITATIVE.

He. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
To fix on meaner flow'rs the ſight?
Or leaves the roſe's ſtem untorn,
To crop the bloſſom from the thorn?
Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
So ſhines my love among the fair.

AIR.

Balmy ſweetneſs, ever flowing,
From her dropping lips diſtils;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
And her voice with muſic thrills.
Zephyrs o'er the ſpices flying,
Wafting ſweets from every tree,
Sick'ning ſenſe with odours cloying,
Breathe not half ſo ſweet as ſhe.

RECITATIVE.

She. Let not my prince his ſlave deſpiſe,
Or paſs me with unheeding eyes:
Becauſe the ſun's diſcolouring rays
Have chac'd the lily from my face,
My envious ſiſters ſaw my bloom,
And drove me from my mother's home;
Unſhelter'd all the ſcorching day
They made me in their vineyard ſtay.

AIR.

Ah ſimple me! my own, more dear,
My own, alas! was not my care:

Invading

Invading love the fences broke,
And tore the clusters from the stock,
With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
Nor rested, till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

He. Fair and comely is my love,
And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem,
New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,
And music floats upon the sound.

RECITATIVE.

She. Forbear, O charming swain, forbear!
Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear;
And while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And every sense within me dies.

AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
Assuage the fever in my soul!
With copious draughts my thirst remove,
And sooth the heart that's sick of love.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE. The chearful ſpring begins to-day;
Ariſe, my fair-one, come away!

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet muſic ſteals along the air——
Hark!——my beloved's voice I hear!

AIR.

HE. Ariſe, my fair, and come away,
The chearful ſpring begins to-day:
Bleak winter's gone with all his train
Of chilling froſts, and dropping rain.
Amidſt the verdure of the mead
The primroſe lifts her velvet head:
The warbling birds, the woods among,
Salute the ſeaſon with a ſong:
The cooing turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tale of love:
The vines their infant tendrils ſhoot:
The fig-tree bends with early fruit:
All welcome in the genial ray:
Ariſe, my fair, and come away!

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray,
Ariſe, O fair-one, come away!

DUET.

DUET.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's cluſt'ring bough:
There in cloſe-embower'd ſhades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

He. How lovely art thou to the ſight,
For pleaſure form'd, and ſweet delight!
Tall as the palm-tree is thy ſhape,
Thy breaſts are like the cluſt'ring grape.

AIR.

Let me, love, thy bole aſcending,
On the ſwelling cluſters feed:
With my graſp the vine-tree bending,
In my cloſe embrace ſhall bleed.
Stay me with delicious kiſſes,
From thy honey-dropping mouth;
Sweeter than the ſummer breezes
Blowing from the genial ſouth.

RECITATIVE.

She. O that a ſiſter's ſpecious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
Uncenſur'd then I'd own my love,
And chaſteſt virgins ſhould approve:

Then

Then fearleſs to my mother's bed
My ſeeming brother would I lead:
Soft tranſports ſhould the hours employ,
And the deceit ſhould crown the joy.

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you, by the fawns
That bound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
Ye virgins, that ye lightly move,
Nor with your whiſpers wake my love!

RECITATIVE.

He. My fair's a garden of delight,
Enclos'd and hid from vulgar ſight;
Where ſtreams from bubbling fountains ſtray,
And roſes deck the verdant way.

AIR.

Softly ariſe, O ſouthern breeze!
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my ſpicy garden blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye ſouthern breezes, gently blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

PART

PART III.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold:
The chill-drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
Receive me, dropping, to thy breast,
And lull me in thy arms to rest.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie;
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant, and die for his return.

CHORUS.

CHORUS of Virgins.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms ſo late has ſtray'd?
Say what diſtinguiſh'd charms adorn,
And finiſh out his radiant form?

AIR.

SHE. On his face the vernal roſe,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beſide the ſtream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs;
His lips are of the roſe's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the ſwain,
Whoſe abſence cauſes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms adorn,
Than open with the roſy morn;
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the ſun in ſplendor bright;
Thy beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me! ſtamp me on thy breaſt!
Deep let the image be impreſt!
For love, like armed death, is ſtrong,
Rudely he drags his ſlaves along:
If once to jealouſy he turns,
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou ſoft invader of the ſoul!
O love, who ſhall thy pow'r controul!
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat ſhall ſtill remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

GIL BLAS,

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD,

In the Character of a CRITIC, with a CATCALL in his Hand.

ARE you all ready? Here's your muſick! here! *
Author, ſneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow ſtopp'd me in a helliſh fright——
Pray ſir, ſays he, muſt I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! ſurely, friend—Don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, ſir!—a ſecond play's downright defiance.
Tho' once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, ſir, ſays he, e'en as you pleaſe, ſo then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But harkee, poet!—won't you tho'? ſays I.
'Pon honour.—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Sha'n't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my ſoul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I ſuppoſe—but mind ye——
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.

* Blowing his catcall.

A pretty

A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!
Beſides, what men of ſpirit, now-a-days,
Come to give ſober judgments of new plays?
It argues ſome good-nature to be quiet—
Good-nature! Ay—but then we loſe a riot.
The ſcribbling fool may beg and make a fuſs,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis ſport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us Bloods good-natur'd folks;
Not crabbed critics—foes to riſing merit———
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with ſpirit—
Our author aims at no diſhoneſt ends,
He knows no enemies, and boaſts ſome friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it;
So if you like it, ſave it; if not——damn it.

END OF MOORE'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. CAWTHORN.

TO

MISS ———,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN Wit and Science trimm'd their wither'd bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The ſcenes oblivion wiſh'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's ſad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the ſhade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the ſoft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her creſt, Ambition learn'd to ſigh,
And dove-like pity ſtream'd in ev'ry eye.
Sick of the world's applauſe, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloiſe to charm,
He aſks of verſe to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various paſſions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to ſteal a tear from you.
O bleſt with temper, bleſt with ſkill to pour
Life's ev'ry comfort on each ſocial hour;
Chaſte as thy bluſhes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for ſpleen;

Indulg'd to win, to ſoften, to inſpire,
To melt with muſic, and with wit to fire;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to pleaſe,
Wiſdom with ſmiles, and majeſty with eaſe;
Alike to virtue as the Graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!
Theſe are thy honours, theſe will charms ſupply,
When thoſe dear ſuns ſhall ſet in either eye;
While She, who, fond of dreſs, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddeſs in the face;
Born all thy ſex illumines to deſpiſe,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wiſe,
Haunts for a year fantaſtically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train;
Then ſinks, as beauty fades and paſſion cools,
The ſcorn of coxcombs, and the jeſt of fools.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century: they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloiſa: this occaſioned theſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion.

Mr. POPE.

AH! why this boding ſtart? this ſudden pain,
That wings my pulſe, and ſhoots from vein to vein!
What mean, regardleſs of yon midnight bell,
Theſe earthborn viſions ſaddening o'er my cell!
What ſtrange diſorder prompts theſe thoughts to glow,
Theſe ſighs to murmur, and theſe tears to flow?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Eloiſa's form reſtor'd,
Once a pure ſaint, and more than ſaints ador'd:

She comes in all her killing charms confeſs'd,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breaſt,
Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to miſery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illuſion! ſee
This ſad apoſtate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and ſteal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the laſt lingering ſpark of virtue die;
The deadly charming ſorcereſs controul,
And, ſpite of nature, tear her from thy ſoul.
Long has that ſoul, in theſe unſocial woods,
Where anguiſh muſes, and where ſorrow broods,
From love's wild viſionary wiſhes ſtray'd,
And ſought to loſe thy beauties in the ſhade.
Faith dropp'd a ſmile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and ſanctified deſire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bleſt abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But, O! how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloiſa melts away in love!
When her fond ſoul, impaſſion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wiſh conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant-ſoftneſs free,
And fiercely ſprings in ecſtacies to me!
Ye heavens! as walking in yon ſacred fane,
With every ſeraph warm in every vein,
Juſt as remorſe had rous'd an aching ſigh,
And my torn ſoul hung trembling in my eye,

In

In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these thy wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?

Teach

Teach thy enamour'd ſpirit to diſown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into ſtone?
Ah! rather let my tendereſt accents move
The laſt wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear boſom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my ſoul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouſe all my paſſions, act my joys new.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd ſaints! adieu!
Sleep, conſcience! ſleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And ſeven-fold darkneſs veil the ſcene around.

What means this pauſe, this agonizing ſtart,
This glimpſe of heav'n quick ruſhing thro' my heart?
Methinks I ſee a radiant croſs diſplay'd——
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the ſhade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the ſky.
O ſave me, ſave me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns ſwallow up my ſoul.

Return, ye hours! when, guiltleſs of a ſtain,
My ſtrong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fanes inſpir'd,
All Athens boaſted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian ſhone,
Each rival bluſhing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye ſcenes!---Ah, no, from fancy fly,
On time's ſtretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; ſince all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave,
To love's ſoft empire every wiſh betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the ſhade.

Let

Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
Each saint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone:
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.
But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;
Th' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of extinguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair,
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!
Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?

Why

Why lives thy ſoft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale ſigh, and anguiſh loves to glow!
Fly to the mead, the daiſy-painted vale,
Breathe in its ſweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay ſcenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment ſteals the wing of joy:
There may'ſt thou ſee, low proſtrate at thy throne,
Devoted ſlaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-ſwain the turf-built ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the paſt to live,
Witneſs what conflicts this frail boſom tore!
What griefs I ſuffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I ſtruggled, labour'd, ſtrove to ſave
An heart that panted to be ſtill a ſlave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, ſpirit, love and flame,
Seiz'd every ſenſe, and burnt thro' all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to theſe wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while theſe venerable cloiſters riſe
O'er the bleak ſurge, and gain upon the ſkies,
My wounded ſoul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her ſad viciſſitudes of woe;
Profuſe of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaſeleſs pray'rs, the whole artill'ry giv'n
To win the mercies of offended heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breaſt knock'd bleeding on the ground.

Yet

Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a ſigh,
Tho' meagre faſts have on my cheeks diſplay'd
The duſk of death, and ſunk me to a ſhade,
Spite of myſelf the ſtill-empoiſoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
My vows and wiſhes wildly diſagree,
And grace itſelf miſtakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight-ſky,
My Eloiſa ſteals upon my eye;
For ever riſes in the ſolar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where-e'er I go, the viſionary gueſt
Pants on my lip, or ſinks upon my breaſt;
Unfolds her ſweets, and, throbbing to deſtroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud Hoſannas ſhake the ſhrines around,
I hear her ſofter accents in the ſound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much-injur'd has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my ſoul.

Laſt night, reclining on yon airy ſteep,
My buſy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathleſs whirlwinds ſlept in ev'ry cave,
And the ſoft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliſs in this bright mirror ſeen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the ſcene,
Recall'd the dear auſpicious hour anew,
When my fond ſoul to Eloiſa flew;

When

When, with keen ſpeechleſs agonies oppreſt,
Thy frantic lover ſnatch'd thee to his breaſt,
Gaz'd on thy bluſhes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And ſaw the goddeſs beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wiſhes move
Each pulſe to rapture, and each glance to love.
But, lo! the winds deſcend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burſt upon the ſhore,
Vaſt peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleaſing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded on my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, ſtalk'd along the ſhade:
Pierc'd by his ſword I ſunk upon the ground,
The ſpectre ghaſtly ſmil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toſs'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
Deteſted wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyſelf, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquiſite in ill!
Thou thought'ſt it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd loſt vengeance of her toil,
And ſcarcely warm'd a Scythian to a ſmile:
Sublimer furies taught thy ſoul to glow
With all their ſavage myſteries of woe;

Taught

Taught thy unfeeling poniard to deſtroy
The powers of nature, and the ſource of joy;
To ſtretch me on the racks of vain deſire,
Each paſſion throbbing, and each wiſh on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be bleſt,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breaſt.
Aid me, fair faith! aſſiſt me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bleſs me, and, ye ſaints! refine:
Ye ſacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly ſickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this boſom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguiſh there:
Oblivion! be thy blackeſt plume diſplay'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the ſhade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reaſon whiſpers in the friend.
Friend, did I ſay! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendſhip own ſo wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whoſe enkindling eye
Shot all his ſoul between thee and the ſky,
Whoſe warmth bewitch'd thee, whoſe unhallow'd ſong
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now ſtrongly rouze, while heav'n his zeal inſpires,
Diviner tranſports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy paſſions, all thy peace reſtore,
And teach that ſnowy breaſt to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows ſecur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondneſs dead,
And hope, pale ſorrow's laſt ſad refuge, fled;

Why

Why wilt thou weep, and ſigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er falſe joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canſt thou wiſh that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the ſky,
Thy Abelard ſhould bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taſte thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender boſom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpſe of Eloiſe can move
The fierceſt, wildeſt agonies of love;
What ſhall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my ſight?
Look on thyſelf, conſider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbeſs in thy heart.
See, while devotion's ever melting ſtrain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wiſh diſown,
Kiſs the dread croſs, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy ſoul the ſacred charge attend,
Their warmths inſpirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breaſt from every hymn to ſteal
The cherub's meekneſs, and the ſeraph's zeal;
To riſe to rapture, to diſſolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyſelf the way;
Till all the glories of the bleſt abode
Blaze on the ſcene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each veſtal ſpotleſs as her veil,
Th' eternal ſpirit o'er thy cell ſhall move
In the ſoft image of the myſtic dove;

The

The longeſt gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his ſmile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breaſt,
Melt o'er thy ſoul, and huſh her pangs to reſt.

O that my ſoul, from love's curſt bondage free,
Could catch the tranſports that I urge to thee!
O that ſome angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguiſh every guilty ſenſe, and leave
No pulſe to riot, and no ſigh to heave.
Vain, fruitleſs wiſh! ſtill, ſtill the vig'rous flame
Burſts, like an earthquake, thro' my ſhatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, ſcarce wiſh to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the ſky;
Let my loſt ſoul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy contrite heart ſhall Abelard reſign;
When pitying heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auſpicious moment ere it flee,
And aſk the ſame immortal boon for me.

Then when theſe black terrific ſcenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the ſoul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roſes fade,
And thy laſt luſtres darken in the ſhade;

When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
Pale death ſhall ſet my kindred-ſpirit free,
And theſe dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whoſe wild affections glow
Like ours in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, ſympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeleſs reliques in one tomb enſhrine,
And teach thy genial duſt to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every ſtain,
Our active ſouls ſhall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aſpire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguiſh wears,
No uncle murders, and no paſſion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

AN

AN
ELEGY
TO THE
MEMORY of CAPTAIN HUGHES,
A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

VAIN were the taſk to give the ſoul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verſe to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from ev'ry eye,
Bleeds in the anguiſh of too keen a ſigh;
And, loſt to glory, loſt to all his fire,
Forgets the port before he graſps the lyre.
Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn
Expiring virtue, and the cloſing urn;
To teach, dear Seraph! o'er the good and wiſe
The dirge to murmur, and the buſt to riſe.
Come then, O guiltleſs of the tear of art!
Sprung from the ſky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilſt I grace the ſhade.
'Tis o'er---the bright deluſive ſcene is o'er,
And war's proud viſions mock the ſoul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.
Alas! my HUGHES! and muſt this mourning verſe
Reſign thy triumph to attend thy hearſe!

Was it for this that friendſhip's genial flame
Woke all my wiſhes from the trance of fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where ev'ry ſcience beams of ev'ry age;
On thought's ſtrong pinion rang'd the martial ſcene,
From Rome's firſt Cæſar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
Th' enambuſh'd phalanx, and the ſpringing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the ſuppliant knee,
And heav'd the ſigh, and dropp'd the tear for thee!
What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gath'ring tempeſt howl'd from ev'ry ſhore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to ſave,
Spread all his plumes, and ſnatch'd thee from the wave?
Preſerv'd thee ſacred from the fell diſeaſe,
When the blue plague had ſir'd th' autumnal breeze?
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burſt in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the miſſive deaths around,
And the mad faulchion bluſh'd from wound to wound;
Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?
Ye graces! tell with what addreſs he ſtole
The liſt'ning ear, and open'd all the ſoul.
What tho' rough winter bade his whirlwinds riſe,
Hid his pale ſuns, and frown'd along his ſkies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My HUGHES was here to ſmile the glooms away,
With all the luxuries of ſound to move
The pulſe of glory, or the ſigh of love;

And,

And, ſpite of winter, laſſitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.
Fancy! dear artiſt of the mental pow'r!
Fly,---fetch my genius to the ſocial hour;
Give me again his glowing ſenſe to warm,
His ſong to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
Th' aerial pencil forms the ſcene anew!
E'en now, when all the viſion beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal ſound——
Juſt as the ſmiles, the graces live impreſt,
And all his image takes up all my breaſt——
Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the ſhort rapture melts into a tear.
Thus in the lake's clear cryſtal we deſcry
The bright diffuſion of a radiant ſky——
Reflected nature ſheds a milder green;
While half her foreſts float into the ſcene.
Ah! as we gaze the luckleſs zephyr flies,
The ſurface trembles, and the picture dies.
O bleſt with all that youth can give to pleaſe,
The form majeſtic, and the mien of eaſe,
Alike empower'd by nature, and by art,
To ſtorm the rampart, and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, delicate of mind,
With ſpirit humble, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian ſunſhine made,
Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the ſhade;
In war, while all the trumps of fame inſpire,
Each paſſion raving, and each wiſh on fire;

At home, without or vanity, or rage;
As ſoft as pity, and as cool as age.
  Theſe were thy virtues---theſe will ſtill be juſt,
Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy duſt;
While pride in vain ſolemnity bequeaths
To pow'r her ſtatues, and to guilt her wreaths:
Or, warm'd by faction, impudently flings
The price of nations on the urns of kings.

THE

THE EQUALITY of HUMAN CONDITIONS: A POETICAL DIALOGUE:

SPOKEN AT THE ANNUAL VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1746, BY MESSRS. M—— AND A——.

M——.

WHILE airy Belville, guiltleſs of a ſchool,
Shines out a French edition of a fool,
Studies his learned taylor once a week,
But curſes ev'ry ſyllable of Greek;
I ſit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
That Athens boaſted, and that Rome admir'd.
Enraptur'd fancy, buſied with the theme,
Forms ev'ry bright idea to a dream,
Paints all the charming pageantry anew,
And brings at once each claſſic to my view.
Now, fondly wild, I thunder in the war,
Shake the keen ſpear, and mount th' imperial car;
With daring Regulus to Carthage run,
Or nobly bleed with Brutus in a ſon;
Seize, Caſca-like, on Cæſar's gorgeous veſt,
And boldly plant a dagger in his breaſt.
Now, ſoftly-breathing all the muſe's fire,
I drop the faulchion, and I graſp the lyre;

With Pindar's pinion ſkim the bleſt abode,
Or ſtrive to charm Auguſtus with an ode.

Come then, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
Whoſe friendſhip ſooths me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou, whoſe quick eye has glanc'd thro' every age,
View'd ev'ry ſcene, and ſtudied ev'ry page;
Teach me, like thee, with ev'ry virtue bleſt,
To catch each eye, and ſteal to ev'ry breaſt;
To riſe to all that in each patriot ſhone,
And make each hero's happineſs my own.

Say, ſhall I, with a triumph in my view,
Fame's air-dreſs'd goddeſs thro' each ſcene purſue;
Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,
And number every trophy by a ſcar?
Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,
And aim to mould a ſavage to a man?
Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian ſage,
Glean Plato's ſenſe, and copy Homer's rage.

A——.

You aſk me, Sir! what few would care to give,
Some grave inſtructions how you ought to live.
You wiſh that envied bliſsful ſcene to find,
That charms the taſte, and dignifies the mind;
That nobly mingles every art to pleaſe,
And joins the majeſty of life to eaſe.

Hear then, my friend! the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true as if diſplay'd in pompous proſe;
As if Locke's ſacred hand the page had wrote,
And every doctor ſtamp'd it with a vote.

All

All lots are equal, and all ſtates the ſame,
Alike in merit, tho' unlike in name.
In Reaſon's eye no difference lies between
Life's noon-day luſtres or her milder ſcene.
'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;
'Tis not the ſplendid plume, the embroider'd veſt,
The gorgeous ſword-knot, or the martial creſt,
That lends to life the ſmile, the jeſt, the glee,
Or makes his honour happier than me.
When Florio's acres ſtretch'd o'er half the land,
A gilded chariot roll'd him thro' the Strand:
Reduc'd at laſt with humbler ſcenes to mix,
He ſmoak'd a ſpeculative pipe at Dick's.
The ſame great genius, in or out of pow'r—
Eaſe ſmooth'd his brow, and ſoften'd ev'ry hour;
Taught him to live as happy in a ſhed,
As when a dutcheſs grac'd his nuptial bed.

Content's the port all mortals wiſh to hail:
She points the compaſs, and ſhe guides the ſail.
To her alone our leaky veſſels roll
Thro' all the ſeas that rage from pole to pole.
What boots it then, when gath'ring ſtorms behind
Riſe black in air, and howl in ev'ry wind,
That thy rich ſhip a pomp of pride diſplay'd,
Her maſts all cedar, and her ſails brocade!
Say, canſt thou think the tempeſt will diſcern
A ſilken cable, or a painted ſtern;
Huſh the wild tumult that tornados bring,
And kindly ſpare the yacht that holds a king?

No,

No, no, my friend! if ſkilful pilots guide,
And heav'n auſpicious calms the whirling tide,
No winds diſtreſs you, and no ſtorm deſtroys,
Whether you ſail in gondolas or hoys.

M——.

What, has juſt heav'n no ſlight diſtinction made
Betwixt a life of ſunſhine and of ſhade?
Muſt I, in ſilence, this wild ſyſtem own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would ſoon beſtow
A few ſtout cords, and ſend me to Monro.
Your taylor, ſkill'd in faſhion's ev'ry grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats, from week to week,
An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majeſtic in a nobler ſcene,
Guiltleſs of ev'ry anguiſh, but the ſpleen;
With all the luxury of ſtateſmen dine
On daily feaſts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, ſir! if this deſcription's true,
Is not your taylor leſs at eaſe than you?
Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
Whoſe bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his truſt, whatever bribes aſſail,
Truth guides his ſword, and juſtice holds his ſcale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardleſs Templars melting o'er a ſong?

Than

Than him, who, buried in a country-town,
Engroſſes half a folio for a crown.
Heroic glory in the martial ſcene
Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet ſat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beſide.
And ſure, you'd think it a moſt ſad diſgrace,
If enſigns liv'd as eaſy as his grace.

A——.

Dear ſir! reſtrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly liſten to the voice of truth.
When firſt th' Almighty ſire his work began,
And ſpoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common foreſt, and one equal heav'n;
They ſhar'd alike this univerſal ball,
The ſons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this ſacred truth diſplay'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian ſhade.
They ſung that ere Pandora, fond of ſtrife,
Let looſe each embrio-miſery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each ſire a monarch, and each ſon a ſage;
Eternal bleſſings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.
Suppoſe then, ſir! that new diſtinctions ſince
Have plac'd a ſlave ſome leagues below a prince;
Yet eaſe and joy, diſpaſſion'd reaſon owns,
As often viſit cottages as thrones.

See!

See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the ſlope, and nods along the plain,
A croud of ruſtics, doom'd to daily toil,
Diſarm the foreſt, or enrich the ſoil:
Not in that elegance of dreſs array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's ſhade;
Where Thyrſis, ſhelter'd in ſome happier grove,
The lonely ſcene of ſolitude and love,
His breaſt all rapture, and his ſoul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now ſwept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unſkill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who ſcorn the winter's deadly blaſt to ſhun,
But face the ſtorm, and drudge thro' ev'ry ſun;
Then ſeek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens ev'ry ſoul;
Speeds the ſame ſocial warmth from breaſt to breaſt,
And bids them laugh at Verres, and his creſt.

When honeſt Colin ſees the ſhining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall;
Loſt in the ſcenes of turbulence and ſtrife,
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He ſteals impatient to his native ſhade,
And longs to graſp his waggon and his ſpade;
Heedleſs of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the goddeſs in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majeſty of mien—
He would not change his Suſan for a queen.

Believe me, ſir! diſtinction, pomp, and noiſe,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:

And

And ſurely, when the ſocial ſpirit's broke,
A ſtar's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
Without thoſe robes, thoſe gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's ſmooth career,
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France,
Without an opera, and without a dance,
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot, or cell.

From ſky to ſky th' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring graſps his love;
The mighty bull, by genial Zephyr ſway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the ſhade;
The feather'd warblers pair on ev'ry ſpray,
The grove re-echoing with the ſprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of inſects bliſsful ſhare
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or ſkim along the ſky,
Fondly purſue the end by nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.

If then no ſongſters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his noſtril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang tho' Afric's ſhaggy brood
Majeſtic ſtalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why ſhould you think your ſolitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M——.

M——.

But ſoft—reſtrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Leſt you ſhould ſeem to copy Henly's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the ſcore.
Behold that wretch, by ev'ry woe diſtreſs'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breaſt;
A thouſand nameleſs agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn thro' ev'ry vein;
He lives to ſuffer, and but ſpeaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? bleſt with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorſet's eye?
Shall we proclaim him bleſt, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A——.

Believe me, ſir! each mortal has his fear,
Each ſoul an anguiſh, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers every breaſt aſſail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.
What tho' in pomp your painted veſſels roll,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole,—
Tho' health auſpicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the ſtrong limb, and bluſhes o'er the face;
Tho' grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Poſſeſs'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;

Tho'

Tho' all the titles, coronets, and ſtars,
That ſtateſmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'ſcutcheon, dignify your creſt,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breaſt;
Can they forbid the ſecret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?
Confeſs we then that all the ills of life,
Diſeaſes, grief, vexations, follies, ſtrife,
Without diſtinction every ſoul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry ſcene, and prey on all the ſex.
Yet let us own that every pleaſure too
That glads the active, and that wings the ſlow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides thro' the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.
Hear then, without the ſpecious pride of art,
A truth that ſtrikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot-breaſt,
And bade a dying Socrates be bleſt:
All, all, but virtue is a ſchool-boy's theme,
The air-dreſs'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools deſire,
That coxcombs boaſt of, and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliſs unfold,
And turn whate'er ſhe touches into gold.

THE

THE

BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

YES, Harriet! ſay whate'er you can,
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of Genius we inherit,
Exalted ſenſe, and lively ſpirit,
Muſt all be diſciplin'd by rules,
And take their colour from the ſchools.
'Twas nature gave that cheek to glow,
That breaſt to riſe in hills of ſnow,
Thoſe ſweetly-temper'd eyes to ſhine
Above the ſapphires of the mine.
But all your more majeſtic charms,
Where grace preſides, where ſpirit warms;
That ſhape which falls by juſt degrees,
And flows into the pomp of eaſe;
That ſtep, whoſe motion ſeems to ſwim,
That melting harmony of limb,
Were form'd by Glover's ſkilful glance,
At Chelſea, when you learnt to dance.
'Tis ſo with man.—His talents reſt
Miſſhapen embrios in his breaſt;
Till education's eye explores
The ſleeping intellectual pow'rs,

Awakes

Awakes the dawn of wit and ſenſe,
And lights them into excellence.
On this depends the patriot-flame,
The fine ingenuous feel of fame,
The manly ſpirit, brave and bold,
Superior to the taint of gold,
The dread of infamy, the zeal
Of honour, and the public weal,
And all thoſe virtues which preſage
The glories of a riſing age.
But, leaving all theſe graver things
To ſtateſmen, moràliſts, and kings,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis ſuch points to ſettle---
Ring---and bid Robin bring the kettle.
Mean while the muſe, whoſe ſportive ſtrain
Flows like her voluntary vein,
And impudently dares aſpire
To ſhare the wreath with Swift and Prior,
Shall tell an allegoric tale,
Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.
One April-morn as Phœbus play'd
His carols in the Delphic ſhade,
A nymph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
The fav'rite child of Liberty,
Heard, as ſhe rov'd about the plain,
The bold enthuſiaſtic ſtrain;
She heard, and led by warm deſire,
To know the artiſt of the lyre,
Crept ſoftly to a ſweet alcove,
Hid in the umbrage of the grove,

And, peeping through the myrtle, saw
A handsome, young, celestial beau,
On nature's sopha stretch'd along,
Awaking harmony, and song.
Struck with his fine majestic mien,
As certain to be lov'd as seen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er
She cry'd, in extacy, Encore;
And, what a prude will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and curtsey'd to the God.
Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Rose up, and with a graceful air
Address'd the visionary fair;
Excus'd his morning-dishabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill.
In short, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
He sung, he flatter'd, press'd, and ly'd,
With such a witchery of art,
That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechism quite forgot,
And waited on him to his grot.
In length of time she bore a son,
As brilliant as his sire the Sun.
Pure æther was the vital ray
That lighted up his finer clay;
The nymphs, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
The graces with their loosen'd zones,
The muses with their harps and crowns,

Young

Young zephyrs of the ſofteſt wing,
The loves that wait upon the ſpring,
Wit with his gay aſſociate mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,
And ſaid, Let Genius be his name,
And his the faireſt wreath of fame.

The goſſips gone, the chriſt'ning o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Reſolv'd to ſend his ſon to ſchool:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Reſign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whoſe hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little miſchievous, and wild,
Taught him at firſt to ſpell and read,
To ſay his prayers, and get his creed---
Wou'd often tell him of the ſky,
And what a crime it is to lye.
She chid him when he did amiſs,
When well, ſhe bleſs'd him with a kiſs.
Her ſiſter Temp'rance, ſage, and quiet,
Preſided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the ſimpleſt fare;
Wou'd never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;

Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dreſs'd it, as ſhe knew well,
In many a meſs of ſoup and gruel;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.

A luſty peaſant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the ſolitary cell:
His name was Labour.---Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland-lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe, or mend the ſoil.
With him young Genius oft wou'd go
O'er dreary waſtes of ice and ſnow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topt hill,
Or wade acroſs the ſhallow rill;
Or thro' th' entangled wood purſue
The footſteps of a ſtraggling ewe.
By theſe fatigues he got at length
Robuſtneſs, and athletic ſtrength;
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lilly-ſilver'd vale.
The cherub health, of dimple ſleek,
Sat radiant on his roſy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elaſtic ſpring
The vigour of an eaglet's wing.

Time now had roll'd, with ſmooth career,
Our hero thro' his ſeventh year.
Tho' in a ruſtic cottage bred,
The buſy imp had thought and read:

He

He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Cou'd ſing with ſpirit, warmth, and grace,
The woeful hunt of Chevy Chace;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Deſtroy'd the vaſt Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admir'd that learned piece
Wrote by the fabuliſt of Greece,
Where wiſdom ſpeaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning ſneaks into a fox.
In ſhort, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artiſt of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an aſs was
Among the doctors of Parnaſſus,
Who ſcarce had ſkill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of ſpeech;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a maſter for his heir;
A learned man, adroit to ſpeak
Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticiſm was his name.
Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Ariſtotle, or Longinus,

Beneath a lynx's eye that saw
The slightest literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his bosom friends---
He had them at his fingers'-ends---
Became an acc'rate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature;
Display'd in every just remark
The strong sagacity of Clark;
And pointed out the false and true
With all the sun-beams of Bossu.
But tho' this critic-sage refin'd
His pupil's intellectual mind,
And gave him all that keen discerning
Which marks the character of learning;
Yet, as he read with much of glee
The trifles of antiquity,
And Bentley-like would write epistles
About the origin of whistles;
The scholar took his master's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation first invented breeches;
Asserted that the Roman socks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua serv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sisygambis dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue.

In

In ſhort, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmaſius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have ſaid in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.

Apollo ſaw, with pride and joy,
The vaſt improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than ſlight ſuſpicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He ſaw the lad had fill'd his ſenſe
With things of little conſequence;
That tho' he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice preciſion, reach
The boldeſt metaphors of ſpeech;
Yet warp'd too much, in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious ſcience,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That meaſures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.

Phœbus, who ſaw it right and wiſe was
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his ſon with mighty haſte,
And ſent him to the ſchool of Taſte.
This ſchool was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages ſince, in elder Greece,
Juſt when the Stagyrite had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.

Here, flush'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the shrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were seen
Assembled round their virgin queen.
Here, sculpture on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, music, with a soul on fire,
Impassion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter-muse display'd
Diviner forms of light and shade.
But, such the fate, as Hesiod sings,
Of all our sublunary things,
When now the Turk, with sword and halters,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a sea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted Taste, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the western world;
And settled on the Tuscan main,
With all the muses in his train.
In this calm scene, where Taste withdrew,
And Science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rang'd in every part
The visionary worlds of art,
And from their finish'd forms refin'd
His own congenial warmth of mind,
And learn'd with happy skill to trace
The magic powers of ease and grace:
His style grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line,

His

His periods manly, full, and ſtrong,
Had all the harmony of ſong.
Where'er his images betray'd
Too ſtrong a light, too weak a ſhade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confeſs'd inelegance of hand,
His noble maſter, who cou'd ſpy
The ſlighteſt fault with half an eye,
Set right by one ethereal touch,
What ſeem'd too little or too much;
Till every attitude and air
Aroſe ſupremely full and fair.

GENIUS was now among his betters
Diſtinguiſh'd as a man of letters.
There wanted ſtill, to make him pleaſe,
The ſplendor of addreſs and eaſe,
The ſoul-enchanting mien and air,
Such as we ſee in Groſvenor-Square,
When Lady Charlotte ſpeaks and moves,
Attended by a ſwarm of loves.

GENIUS had got, to ſay the truth,
A manner aukward and uncouth;
Sure fate of all who love to dwell
In wiſdom's ſolitary cell:
So much a clown in gait, and laugh,
He wanted but a ſcrip and ſtaff;
And ſuch a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's ſandals,
And planted all his chin thick,
To be like him a dirty cynic.

Apollo, who, to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrin'd to see his son and heir
Dishonour'd by his gape and stare,
Resolv'd to send him to Versailles,
To learn a minuet of Marseilles:
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the mysteries of breeding,
Observ'd to Phœbus, that the name
Of fop and Frenchman was the same.
French manners were, she said, a thing which
Those grave misguided fools, the English,
Had, in despite of common sense,
Mistook for manly excellence;
By which their nation strangely sunk is,
And half their nobles turn'd to monkies.
She thought it better. as the case was,
To send young Genius to the graces:
Those sweet divinities, she said,
Wou'd form him in the myrtle shade;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his Pompadour.
Phœbus agreed—the graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,
Allow'd him at their side to rove
Along their own domestic grove,
Amidst the sound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing smiles, and young desires:
And when confin'd by winds or show'rs,
Within their amaranthine bow'rs,

They

They taught him with addreſs and ſkill
To ſhine at ombre and quadrille;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.
GENIUS was charm'd—divinely plac'd
'Midſt beauty, wit, politeneſs, taſte;
And, having every hour before him
The fineſt models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply,
Expreſſion kindled in his eye;
His geſture diſengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majeſtic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to pleaſe
The nobleſt elegance of eaſe.
Thus, by the diſcipline of art,
Genius ſhone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his firſt fair bloom of youth,
By Temp'rance and her ſiſter Truth,
He knew the ſcientific page
Of every clime and every age;
Had learnt with critic-ſkill to rein
The wildneſs of his native vein;
That critic-ſkill, tho' cool and chaſte,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taſte;
His unforbidding mien and air,
His aukward gait, his haughty ſtare,
And every ſtain that wit debaſes,
Were melted off among the graces;
And Genius roſe, in form and mind,
The firſt, the greateſt of mankind.

A LETTER

A

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

OCCASIONED BY A

REPORT OF HIS PATRON'S BEING MADE ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT SEAL, 1756.

IF fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,
Your friend, the baron, has the ſeals,
With two compeers, his reverend brothers,—
Willes and Sir Eardly are the others.
Juſtice, who long had ſeen impreſt
Her faireſt image on his breaſt,
Plac'd him her ſubſtitute, to awe
The nation on her bench of law!
And now, to make her work complete,
Has thron'd him on her mercy-ſeat.
I'll hold you, Mun! an honeſt guinea,
That peſt ambition's buſy in you;
You mind no more your little crops,
Nor ever aſk the price of hops;
Nor grieve about ſuch idle things
As half the trumps, and all the kings:
But, bleſt each night with objects brighter,
Behold a viſionary mitre;
And ſee the verger near you ſtand
Majeſtic with his ſilver wand.

Well—

Well—if, as matters now foretel it,
It is your fate to be a prelate;
Tho', loth to loſe the comic ſtrain,
The ſong, and ev'ry mirthful vein,
Which oft have made me full of glee,
And kept my ſpirits up till three;
Yet, fond to ſee, when pray'rs begin,
E——d, thy heteroclite chin,
With all that venerable buſh on,
Repoſing on a velvet cuſhion;
I would the man of humour quit,
And think the biſhop worth the wit.

But, hark you, L——r! as you mean
To be a biſhop, or a dean,
And muſt, of courſe, look grave, and big,
I'd have you get a better wig:
You know full well when, cheek by jole,
We waited on his grace at Knowl;
Tho' that trim artiſt, barber Jackſon,
Spent a whole hour about your caxon,
With irons hot, and fingers plaſtic,
To make it look eccleſiaſtic;
With all his pains, and combs, and care,
He ſcarce cou'd curl a ſingle hair.

It wou'd be right too, let me tell you,
To buy a gown of new prunella;
And bid your maid, the art who knows,
Repair your caſſock at the elbows.

Lord! what a ſudden alteration
Will wait on your exalted ſtation!

Cawthorn,

Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,
Who calls thee nought but Man and L——r,
Will now put on a softer mien,
And learn to lisp out Mr. Dean;
Or, if you're made a mitred peer,
Humbly intreat your grace's ear.
Poor Adams too, will sunk, and stare,
And trembling steal behind your chair;
Or else, with holy zeal addressing,
Drop on his knees, and ask your blessing.
And now, my worthy friend! ere yet
We read it in the next Gazette,
That Tuesday last a royal writ
Was sent by Secretary Pitt
To all and singular the stalls
Prebendal in the church of Paul's,
Commanding them to choose and name
A bishop of unspotted fame;
And warmly recommending thee
As prelate of the vacant see;
It will not be amiss to know
Before-hand what you have to do.
First, as you'll want a grave divine
To wait upon you when you dine,
To guard your kitchen from disorders,
And school the youths who come for orders;
Take not an academic saplin,
But, for your life, make S——n chaplain.
He's tall, and solemn, soft and sleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;

A proper

A proper man to tell the clerum
About Euſebius, and St. Jerom;
And wou'd as ſoon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanaſius.
Then, as to what a biſhop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leaſes,
And hoarding up a world of pelf,
You'll want no ſteward but yourſelf:
For, faith! your lordſhip has great ſkill in
The virtues of a ſplendid ſhilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare *,
That two and two will make up four.

* Two Bankers.

THE

THE REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A MORAL ESSAY.

Dunque ne l' Uſo per cui fur conceſſe
L' impieghi il ſoggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a ſuo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.

TASSO.

YES, yes, dear ſloic! hide it as you can,
The ſphere of pleaſure is the ſphere of man:
This warms our wiſhes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the ſoul to all the ſoul regards,
Whether ſhe deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breaſt there lives enſhrin'd
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plaſtic pow'r, ſome intellectual ray,
Some genial ſun-beam from the ſource of day;
Something that, warm and reſtleſs to aſpire,
Works the young heart, and ſets the ſoul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.

Were

Were it not ſo, the ſoul, all dead and loſt,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impaſſive froſt,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to pleaſe,
Wou'd lie inactive on the couch of eaſe;
And, heedleſs of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.
And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To ſtir the latent excellence within---
Wak'd in that moment's elemental ſtrife,
Impaſſion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulſe to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more ſtrong the light celeſtial ſhines,
Each thought ennobles, and each ſenſe refines,
Till all the ſoul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what ſhe felt for fame.
Hence, juſt as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of ſoul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the ſail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic ſky;
While he whoſe vaſt capacious mind explores
All nature's ſcenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embоſoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young diſeaſe,
And ſoftens anguiſh to the ſmile of eaſe.
The paſſions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the ſoul, and lend her ſtrength to live.

To them we owe fair truth's unſpotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral ſage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces thro' th' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into ſong.

And yet theſe paſſions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the ſacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly ſave.
Th' ethereal ſoul that heav'n itſelf inſpires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by theſe ſyrens to ſome wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch ſun that in the autumnal ſky
Looks thro' a fog, and riſes but to die.
But he whoſe active, unencumber'd mind
Leaves this low earth, and all its miſts behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded ſky to glow,
Like the bright orb that riſes on the Po,
O'er half the globe with ſteady ſplendor ſhines,
And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.

Whoever thinks, muſt ſee that man was made
To face the ſtorm, not languiſh in the ſhade:
Action's his ſphere, and, for that ſphere deſign'd,
Eternal pleaſures open on his mind.
For this, fair hope leads on th' impaſſion'd ſoul
Thro' life's wild labyrinths to her diſtant goal;
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;

Or

Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image of a future ſky.
Yet, tho' kind heav'n points out th' unerring road,
That leads thro' nature up to bliſs and God;
Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the ſhrine,
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wiſe,
Diſdains the manna ſent him from the ſkies;
Taſteleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For thought too active, and too mad for eaſe,
From wiſh to wiſh in life's mad vortex toſt,
For ever ſtruggling, and for ever loſt;
He ſcorns religion, tho' her ſeraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.
And now, let looſe to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inſpirits, or ambition tears,
From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead ev'ry ſenſe, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the ſwine;
Theſe drench in luxury's ambroſial bowl
Reaſon's laſt ſpark, and drain off all the ſoul.
Thoſe for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where ſeas can roll.
While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, ſet half the globe on fire.
Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's ſandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;

A dirty fail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of misery almoſt unknown,
Without a friend to pity, or to ſave,
Without a dirge to conſecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies—— he who for years had ſhone,
England's ſixth Henry! neareſt to thy throne.
What boots it now, that lift'ning ſenates hung
All ear, all rapture on his angel-tongue?
Ah! what avails th' enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his cloſing ſcene!
When haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs ador'd,
And Anjou's princeſs ſheath'd Britannia's ſword!
Aſk ye what bold conſpiracy oppreſt
A chief ſo honour'd, and a chief ſo bleſt?
Why, luſt of power, that wreck'd his riſing fame
On courts' vain ſhallows, and the gulph of ſhame:
A Glo'ſter's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thouſand tongues;
And haſten'd death, on Albion's chalky ſtrand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleaſure, my friend! on this ſide folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it muſt be wiſe:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each ſtep beyond it is a ſtep to pain.
For aſk the man whoſe appetites purſue
Each looſe Roxana of the ſtew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His taſte, and teach him how to dine;
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolneſs of December's ſnow:

Aſk

Aſk him, if all thoſe extaſies that move
The pulſe of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry ſenſe is loſt in ev'ry joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, with the calm of reſt?
No —— virtue only gives fair peace to ſhine,
And health, O ſacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peaſant, whoſe laborious ſpade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and ſhade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliſs more genuine than the club at White's:
And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.

Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, poſſeſs'd,
By poets envied,, and by peers careſs'd;
By royal mercy ſav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
O hadſt thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
And ſacred held fair friendſhip's gen'rous ties;
Hadſt thou, ſincere to wiſdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild ſallies of impetuous youth;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy ſtrove to blaſt thy bays;
In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
Had ſtrove to puſh thee helpleſs from her ſide;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And ſmiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
True pleaſure would have led thee to her ſhrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.

Bleſs'd with the choiceſt boon that heav'n can give,
Thou then hadſt learnt with dignity to live;
The ſcorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor ſought from priſon a refuge in the grave.
Th' immortal Rembrant all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and ſhade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred ſhadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that ſhadow, careleſsly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artiſt threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd ſky;
Till both th' oppoſing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the ſun.
Paſſions, like colours, have their ſtrength and eaſe,
Thoſe too inſipid, and too gaudy theſe:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too ſtrong a ſunſhine, and too rich a day;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker ſpirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, tho' of celeſtial race,
Corregio's ſoftneſs, and a Guido's grace.
Wou'dſt thou then reach what Rembrant's genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultleſs as his line;
Let all thy paſſions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harſhneſs, without glaring gay:

Contraſt

Contraſt them, curb them, ſpread them, or confine,
Ennoble theſe, and thoſe forbid to ſhine;
With cooler ſhades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And ſoften malice with the ſmile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be ſeen without a vail:
So ſhalt thou live as heav'n itſelf deſign'd,
Each pulſe congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action ſtation'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each paſſion vig'rous to its juſt degree,
And the fair whole a perfect ſymmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

CAWTHORN had once a mind to fix
His carcaſe in a coach and ſix,
And live, if his eſtate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a ſcore of Lottery Tickets,
And ſaw them riſe in dreadful ranks
Converted to a ſcore of blanks.

Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his ſcheme
Deluſive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddeſs o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious ſenſe
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.

He ſaid, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his ſpeculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.

When, lo! a phantom, tall, and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:

She

She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And ſeem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whiſk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toſs'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,
Addreſs'd him thus: Thou wicket varlet!
Art not aſham'd to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy conſequence and parts,
Thy ſkill in letters, or in arts,
That I, poor Fortune! muſt be lectur'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and hector'd,
Becauſe, forſooth---a fever roaſt thee,—
Thou'rt not ſo wealthy as Da Coſta?

However, as thou haſt ſome virtues,
And know'ſt my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almoſt as rich a man as he.

Send to the bank this day and buy
Ten Tickets in the Lottery;
And bid your honeſt friend, the broker,
Endorſe the name of M— H——;
The ſacred numbers then conſign
Devoutly to the fair-one's ſhrine.
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Preſent them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
" My dear, theſe Tickets are for you,
" An offering from an heart that's ſplit
" Aſunder by your ſenſe and wit,

" Yet

" Yet has the grace, to tell you true,
" To keep its own dear ends in view,
" And therefore hopes you'll not forget
" To give me half of what you get."

My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
Five thouſand pounds!—a good eſtate:
For be aſſur'd that, tho' the poets,
The ſmall philoſophers, and no-wits,
Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
And impudently paint me blind,
I yet can ſee thy charmer's merit,
Her taſte, her dignity, and ſpirit;
Have often liſten'd to her ſong,
And ſtole perſuaſion from her tongue;
And am reſolv'd, tho' all the ſhrews,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
Frown, curſe, expoſtulate, and rally,
With all the tongues of all the Alley,
To give her, out of love and zeal,
The richeſt number in the wheel.

LADY

LADY JANE GREY TO LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

FROM theſe dark cells, in fable pomp array'd,
Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper ſhade,
Where ev'ry hour ſome awful viſion brings
Of pale aſſaſſins, and the ſhrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The laſt ſad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impaſſion'd ſigh,
Soothe the dear mourner ere he reach the ſky?
Ye pow'rs of ſong that ev'ry chord inſpire
When Rome's ſoft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-ſounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his loſt conſort bleeds upon his urn!
Teach me, ye warblers! teach this ſtrain of woe
Like you to kindle, and like you to flow.
Alas! in vain ye bid your warmths divine
Wake all the ſtring, and live thro' all the line.
Spite of thoſe warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
Cool from my hand, and faithleſs to my ſoul;
Too faint a wiſh, too calm a ſigh impart,
Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
Loſe the ſond anguiſh of this flowing tear,
And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid that ſouls, to love's ſoft union wrought,
Converſe by ſilent ſympathy of thought:
O! then with that myſterious art divine
The fierce impatience of my breaſt be thine:
And when ſome tender, recollecting ſigh,
Pours the big paſſion from each weeping eye,
When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
And all my image takes up all thy ſoul;
Think that my breaſt the ſame dear tumults move,
As keen an anguiſh, and as ſoft a love;
Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
Sigh to thy ſighs, and weep with all thy tears;
Form all thy wiſhes, all thy phrenzies ſee,
And feel for Guilford all he feels for me.

Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
For ever blooming, and for ever new!
Where the dear ſcenes that meditation aid,
The rill's ſoft murmur, and th' embow'ring ſhade;
Where all the heartfelt charities that move
The warmths of rapture in the pulſe of love?
Loſt, loſt for ever, like th' ethereal fire
Shot thro' the ſky to glitter and expire.

Hide it, ye pow'rs! the ſad, the ſolemn day
That gave a Dudley to the houſe of Grey:
For, O! when to the altar's foot we came,
And each fond eye confeſs'd the kindling flame;
Juſt as the prieſt had join'd my hand to thine
An awful tremor ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine,
A ſudden gloom the ſacred walls array'd,
And round the tapers threw an azure ſhade;

The

The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
Aerial echoes ſigh'd thro' all the fane:
'Twas God himſelf that, from th' empyreal ſky,
Look'd inauſpicious on the nuptial tie,
And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
The ſhrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.
O! had thy blood drunk in ſome fell diſeaſe,
From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
Had yon keen ſun, with all the rage of pain,
Wing'd every pulſe, and ſcorch'd up every vein,
Extinguiſh'd Guilford ere he liv'd his ſpan,
It had been nature, and the fate of man.
Heav'ns! had my cares but eas'd thy parting breath,
In life's laſt moment, and the graſp of death,
Explor'd the dear imperfect ſounds that hung
Looſe on each fibre of the fault'ring tongue,
Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting ſigh,
Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
I had but known what many a virtuous pair
Are doom'd to ſuffer, and are doom'd to bear:
But, O! in thought's wild images to ſee
My glories fall, proud infamy! like thee;
See, 'midſt the murmur of a million ſighs,
The ſabre glitter, and the ſcaffold riſe;
To ſee my Guilford moving ſadly ſlow
Thro' ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe;
See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
Shed the keen anguiſh of too warm a tear,
A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the huſband, while the hero bleeds——

Bleed,

Bleed, did I say?—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
Sense, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
And thou,---beneath the pole's black umbrage laid,
Oblivion! daughter of the midnight shade!
With all thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
Each sweet idea of connubial love:
Hide the dear man whose virtues first impress
Too fond an image on my virgin breast;
From all the softness of my soul efface
His every beauty, and his every grace;
And force that soul with patience to resign
All the dear ties that bound her fast to thine.

Alas! vain effort of misguided zeal!
What pow'r can force affliction not to feel?
What saint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
This sigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
Still honest nature lives her anguish o'er,
Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.
Ah! when my soul, all panting to aspire,
Each sense enraptur'd, and each wish on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
Spite of the joys that heav'n and bliss impart,
A softer image heaves within my heart;
Impassions nature in the springs of life,
And calls the seraph back into the wife.

Yet say, my Guilford! say, why wilt thou move
These idle visions of despairing love?
Why wilt thou still, with every grace and art,
Spread thro' my veins, and kindle in my heart?

O let

O let my ſoul far other tranſports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy zeal.
And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enſhrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind!
O grace divine! on this frail boſom ray
One gleam of comfort from the ſource of day.---
She comes, and all my opening breaſt inſpires
With holy ardors, and ſeraphic fires:
Rapt, and ſublime, my kindling wiſhes roll,
A brighter ſunſhine breaks upon my ſoul;
Strong, and more ſtrong the light celeſtial ſhines,
Each thought ennobles, and each ſenſe refines:
Each human pang, each human bliſs retires,
All earth-born wiſhes, and all low deſires,
The pomps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.
Riſe, ye ſad ſcenes! ye black ideas riſe,
Riſe, and diſpute the empire of the ſkies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my ſenſes throw
Terrific viſions, and a pomp of woe;
Call up the ſcaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo thro' the midnight ſhade;
Full in my ſight the robe funereal wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave:
Yet ſhall my ſoul, all-conſcious of her God,
Reſign'd, and fainted for the bleſt abode,
The laſt ſad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a ſigh.
Ah, no---while heav'n ſhall leave one pulſe of life
I ſtill am woman, and am ſtill a wife;

My

My hov'ring ſoul, tho' rais'd to heav'n by pray'r,
Still bends to earth, and finds one ſorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a huſband falls.
O! wou'd to heav'n, I cou'd like Zeno boaſt
A breaſt of marble, and a ſoul of froſt,
Calm as old Chaos, ere his waves begun
To know a zephyr, or to feel a ſun.
Romantic wiſh! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
Was ever miſery, ever grief, like mine?
For ever round me glares a tragic ſcene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his ſpotleſs ſhade;
Now wildly image all his ſiſter's rage,
The baleful fury of the riſing age;
Behold her ſanguinary banners fly
Looſe to the breezes of a Britiſh ſky;
See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the ſlaves of Rome;
See all the land the laſt ſad horrors feel
Of cruel creeds, and viſionary zeal.
Mad bigotry her ev'ry ſon inſpires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen falchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders virtue in the name of God.
May He, who firſt the light of heav'n diſplay'd,
The dear Redeemer of a world in ſhade,
He who to man the bliſs of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to ſave,

Beam

Beam all his goſpel, ſacred and divine,
On ev'ry boſom, and on ev'ry ſhrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gaſping breath,
And reſcue nature from the arm of death.
And now reſign'd, my boſom lighter grows,
And hope ſoft-beaming brightens all my woes.
Hark! or deluſion charms, a Seraph ſings,
And choirs to waft us ſpread their ſilver wings;
Th' immortals call, heav'n opens at the ſound,
And glories blaze, and mercy ſtreams around.
Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, huſband, ſaint, adieu!
Yet when thy ſpirit, taught from earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the ſky,
One moment pauſe till theſe dead orbs reſign
Their laſt faint beam, and ſpeed my ſoul to thine:
Then, while the prieſt, in hallow'd robes array'd,
Pays the laſt honours to each parting ſhade;
While o'er our aſhes weeps th' attending train,
And the ſad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred ſouls ſhall wing th' ethereal way,
From earth and anguiſh to the ſource of day---
To all the bliſs of all the ſkies aſpire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.
And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
Can wake one image in the fainted mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed ſpirits to a ſenſe of love;
Still ſhall our ſouls a kind connection feel
With England's ſenate, and with England's weal:

And drive from all its ſhores, with watchful care,
The flame of diſcord, and the rage of war.
Perhaps, when theſe ſad ſcenes of blood are o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the ſoul no more;
When anguiſh throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapleſs loves ſhall grace th' hiſtoric page,
And charm the nations of a future age:
Perhaps ſome bard, whoſe tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender melancholy tale
To the ſoft zephyrs of the weſtern vale;
Fair truth ſhall bleſs him, virtue guard his cauſe,
And every widow'd matron weep applauſe.

OF

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

WELL—tho' our paſſions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,
One common folly, ſay whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at laſt the mercury of man;
And rules, as ſacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.
Aſk ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
So vaſt an empire, and ſo wide a fame?
What God unſhrin'd in all the ages paſt?
I'll tell you, friend! in one ſhort word---'tis Taſte;
Taſte that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, ſanctifies expence,
And takes the place of ſpirit, worth, and ſenſe.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or ſat whole nights Italian ſongs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted ſenſe, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit was nature's, and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to ſlumber in the lap of eaſe---
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty taylors in his train,

We felt for Taſte---for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dreſs, and dance;
Politely told him all were brutes, and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier ſchools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the beſt author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by ſome ſtrange malignity of fate,
We take our faſhions from the land we hate:
Still ſlaves to her, howe'er her Taſte inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as ſhe eats, no matter which or what,
A roaſted lobſter, or a roaſted cat;
And fill our houſes with an hungry train
Of more than half the ſcoundrels of the Seine.
'Time was, a wealthy Engliſhman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat ſirloin;
Or bake a paſty, whoſe enormous wall
Took up almoſt the area of his hall:
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The damon Taſte attends him when he dines;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three ſtew'd muſhrooms flank a larded quail;
Where infant turkeys, half a month reſign'd
To the ſoft breathings of a ſouthern wind,
And ſmother'd in a rich ragout of ſnails,
Outſhine a lenten ſupper at Verſailles.
Is there a ſaint that would not laugh to ſee
The good man piddling with his fricaſſee;
Forc'd by the luxury of taſte to drain
A flaſk of poiſon, which he calls champagne!

While

While he, poor ideot! tho' he dare not ſpeak,
Pines all the while for porter, and ox-cheek.
Sure 'tis enough to ſtarve for pomp and ſhow,
To drink, and curſe the clarets of Bourdeaux:
Yet ſuch our humour, ſuch our ſkill to hit
Exceſs of folly thro' exceſs of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the ſeat,
Juſt as abſurdly as we drink and eat.
For is there aught that nature's hand has ſown
To bloom and ripen in her hotteſt zone?
Is there a ſhrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Aſks all the ſuns that beam upon the Po?
Is there a flowret whoſe vermillion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boaſt of Rome?
We raiſe it here, in ſtorms of wind and hail,
On the bleak boſom of a ſunleſs vale;
Careleſs alike of climate, ſoil, and place,
The caſt of nature, and the ſmiles of grace.
Hence all our ſtucco'd walls, Moſaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whoſe Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilaſters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our maſſy cielings, grac'd with gay feſtoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp ſaloons,
Lawns fring'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.
Hence the good Scotſman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of cryſtal, or in Alps of ſnow;

On Orcus' ſteep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his ſcanty ſunſhine in a ſhade.
One might expect a ſanctity of ſtyle
Auguſt and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouſe for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, ſuch the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes;
Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffuſion of too ſtrong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languiſh ſide by ſide,
Clos'd by an altar exquiſitely fine,
Looſe and laſcivious as a Cyprian ſhrine.
Of late, 'tis true, quite ſick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wiſe Chineſe:
European artiſts are too cool and chaſte,
For Mand'rin only is the man of taſte;
Whoſe bolder genius, fondly wild to ſee
His grove a foreſt, and his pond a ſea,
Breaks out —— and, whimſically great, deſigns
Without the ſhackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and ſeats begin
To match the boaſted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a ſpire-crown'd temple ſwells,
Hung round with ſerpents, and a fringe of bells:
Junks and balons along our waters ſail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within th' incloſure of a zig-zag rail;

In

In Tartar huts our cows and horſes lie,
Our hogs are fatted in an Indian ſtye;
On ev'ry ſhelf a Joſs divinely ſtares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes ſprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
'Midſt porcelain elephants, and China Gods.

Peace to all ſuch—but you whoſe chaſter fires
True greatneſs kindles, and true ſenſe inſpires,
Or ere you lay a ſtone, or plant a ſhade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad caſcade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profuſion waſte,
Examine nature with the eye of Taſte;
Mark where ſhe ſpreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as ſhe plans, and where her genius calls,
There ſink your grottos, and there raiſe your walls.
Without this Taſte, beneath whoſe magic wand
Truth and correctneſs guide the artiſt's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,
The ſhame of nations, and the bluſh of kings.
Expence and Vanbrugh, vanity and ſhow,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taſte, you aſk, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a caſual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere miſguided will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has——True Taſte, when delicately fine,
Is the pure ſunſhine of a ſoul divine,

The full perfection of each mental pow'r—
'Tis ſenſe, 'tis nature, and 'tis ſomething more.
Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one maſter bred.
It gives the lyre with happier ſounds to flow,
With purer bluſhes bids fair beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Corregio! every touch of thine.
And yet, tho' ſprung from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taſte are different as their name:
Genius, all ſunbeam, where he throws a ſmile
Impregnates nature faſter than the Nile;
Wild, and impetuous, high as heav'n aſpires,
All ſcience animates, all virtue fires;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aerial forms, and viſionary ſcenes.
But Taſte corrects, by one ethereal touch,
What ſeems too little, and what ſeems too much;
Marks the fine point where each conſenting part
Slides into beauty with the eaſe of art;
This bids to riſe, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

LIFE

LIFE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

I OWN it, Belmour! say whate'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.

Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to fate
Those ills, those mischiefs, we ourselves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know,
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet those joys in mean profusion waste,
Without reflection, and without a taste:
Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
We give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push ev'ry pleasure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.

Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and strife
Each softer moment of domestic life;
The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite that loathing slights
The richest olio of the cook at White's;

The

The aching impotence of looſe deſire,
A nerveleſs body with a ſoul on fire;
Th' eternal bluſh that lights the cheek of ſhame
For waſted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
The wiſh that riots, and the pang that tears;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt ſigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the low'ring eye of ſpleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific ſcene;
Or, direr ſtill, calls from th' abyſs below
Deſpair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, loſt to health, and hope's all-chearing ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expence
In each rack'd organ, or acuter ſenſe;
Where ſad remorſe beholds in every ſhade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And ſtung to madneſs in his inmoſt ſoul,
Graſps the keen dagger, or empoiſon'd bowl.

Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
Is but the ſcourge and tyrant of mankind.
Sure he who gives us ſunſhine, dew, and ſhow'r,
The vine ambroſial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whoſe own bright image lives on man impreſt,
Meant that that being ſhou'd be wiſe and bleſt,
And taught each inſtinct in his heart enſhrin'd
To feel for bliſs, to ſearch it, and to find.

But where's this bliſs, you aſk, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to and we all admire?

Breathes

Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mold,
In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but, boundless, unconfin'd,
Spreads thro' all life, and flows to all mankind;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
For as kind nature thro' the globe inspires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
And with the same prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damask rose;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in skins array'd,
He wields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,
Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.

In vain the man whose soul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
Insists that happiness for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the shade.
As much mistakes the sage, who fain wou'd prove
Fair pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind,
Alike ordain'd by heav'n to charm or please
The man of spirit and the man of ease;

Just

Juſt as our taſte is better or is worſe,
Becomes a bleſſing, or becomes a curſe.
When luſt and envy ſhare the ſoul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;
When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour;
Not all the wealth each warmer ſun provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides,
Not all the pomps that round proud greatneſs ſhine,
When ſuppliant nations bow before her ſhrine,
Can eaſe the heart, or ray upon the breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, and the calm of reſt.
No—all the bliſs that nature feels, or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repoſe,
Howe'er improv'd by wiſdom, and by art,
Lives in ourſelves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of thoſe alien things,
Applauding ſenates, and the ſmiles of kings,
Of empty purſes, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.
Conclude we then that heav'n's ſupreme decree
Gives eaſe and joy to monarchs and to me:
Yet, ſuch the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleaſures muſt be purchas'd by our pains,
And coſt us every hour ſome ſmall expence,
A little labour, and a little ſenſe.
That heav'n-born bliſs, that ſoul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen ſquander, and which fools deſtroy,
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wiſdom makes it all her own;

Coolly

Coolly explores, in every ſcene and ſphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there ;
What lenient arts can teach the ſoul to know
A purer rapture, and a ſofter woe;
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this œconomic art,
This cool philoſophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud boſom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the ſplendor of the ſtar he wears :
With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
In the laſt corner of her chearleſs cell,
In ſpite of hunger, labour, cold, diſeaſe,
Lies, laughs, and ſlumbers on the couch of eaſe.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it ſound ;
O'er the fine ſtops his aukward fiſt he flings,
And rudely preſſes on th' elaſtic ſtrings :
Awaken'd diſcord ſhrieks, and ſcolds, and raves,
Wild as the diſſonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harſh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarſer far than all th' ecſtatic race
Whoſe drunken orgies ſtunn'd the wilds of Thrace.

Friend ! quoth the ſage, that fine machine contains
Exacter numbers, and diviner ſtrains ;
Strains ſuch as once could build the Theban wall,
And ſtop the mountain torrent in its fall :
But yet, to wake them, rouze them, and inſpire,
Aſks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling ſoul, whoſe all expreſſive pow'rs
Can copy nature as ſhe ſinks or ſoars ;

And,

And, juſt alike to paſſion, time, and place,
Refine correctneſs into eaſe and grace.
He ſaid—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and ſwept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The ſound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The liſt'ning paſſions hear, and ſink, and riſe,
As the rich harmony or ſwells or dies;
The pulſe of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breaſt of love;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a ſofter ſigh.
Life has its eaſe, amuſement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itſelf, as muſic in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, deſtroy,
Thro' rage and ignorance, the ſtrain of joy;
Irregularly will their paſſions roll
Thro' nature's fineſt inſtrument, the ſoul:
While men of ſenſe, with Handel's happier ſkill,
Correct the taſte, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever ſunk too low;
Till every virtue, meaſur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the maſter-mind,
Melts in its kindred ſounds, and pours along
Th' according muſic of the moral ſong.

PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA.

A POEM.

AWAKE, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture raiſe
Th' applauding pœan, and the ſong of praiſe:
Again thy Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
Again he thunders in the front of war;
Back to the deſert flies the routed Gaul,
And proud Vienna ſhakes from wall to wall.
He hears me not—thy genius, France! prevails,
The poet feels but for his own Verſailles;
With ſecret curſes eyes the hero's ſword,
And hates that virtue which he once ador'd.
And ſhall a king whoſe triumphs far exceed
The boaſted glories of the Greek and Swede;
Who more than Cæſar, with a brighter ray
Aſcends, and ſhines imperial Rome away——
Shall he thro' ages ſpread his mighty name
Without a verſe to wait upon his fame?
Has Britain loſt her ſpirit, ſoul, and fire?
Has ſhe no patriot who dare touch the lyre?
Yes——while I live, thy virtues, prince! ſhall be
For ever ſacred to the muſe, and me.
What tho' I herd but with the vulgar throng,
The laſt, the loweſt of the ſons of ſong,
Thy bold exploits ſhall give my ſoul to glow,
My pulſe to kindle, and my vein to flow;

Exalt

Exalt my ſpirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the ſtrength of thine.
Now had pale fury drove her iron car
From fields of ſlaughter, and from waſtes of war;
Returning peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen ſword, and broke the lifted ſpear,
Wide o'er the world her olive branch diſplay'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd ſhade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous ſtrife,
Roſe in the ſoftneſs of domeſtic life;
Exulting labour tam'd the ſtubborn plain,
The ſail of commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal muſes flew,
And ſcience trimm'd her faded wreath anew.
Ambition ſigh'd---for now ſhe heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from ſhore to ſhore;
No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Loſt to the glare of life, ſhe lay unbleſt
In the lone cell of ſolitary reſt,
Where ſpleen's pale viſions round her ſlumbers throw
Eternal ſadneſs, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind nature pours upon her eye
A ſofter ſunſhine, and a richer ſky,
Spreads the wild foreſt, heaves the cloud-topt hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her ſenſe decay,
The warblers languiſh on the vocal ſpray;
Unclouded ſuns in heav'n's clear azure fade,
And night's black horrors wear a deeper ſhade.

At

At length arous'd ſhe feels her wonted flame,
Revives, and opens to the voice of fame:
She ſees new triumphs riſing to her view,
And wing'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.
'Twas night—lull'd ſoftly by the weſtern breeze,
Fair Auſtria ſlumber'd on the couch of eaſe:
When as of old the firſt infernal pow'r
Stole on the ſweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
And ſkill'd alike to flatter and deceive,
Crept in a reptile to the ear of Eve;
So now ambition, with a nobler mien,
Approach'd, and whiſper'd thus the ſleeping queen.
"Canſt thou, O princeſs! thou, whoſe glory ſprings
From heav'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
Reſign'd, and cool, to yonder Pruſſian yield
Sileſia's ſceptre, and her fruitful field?
Riſe to thy wrongs, aſſert thy injur'd reign,
And bid the ſword of vengeance rage again;
Tear from his hand the empire he has won,
This moment cruſh him, or thou art undone.
Secret, and ſtrong, beneath his native fires,
The haughty genius of his ſoul aſpires;
His realms enlarge, his ſails begin to fly
O'er ev'ry ocean of the Polar ſky.
Rich harveſts riſe upon his barren waſte,
His crowded cities are the ſeats of taſte;
Another year's autumnal ſun ſhall ſee
His broad dominions ſtretch from ſea to ſea;
Perhaps ſhall ſee him on th' imperial throne,
Europe enſlav'd, and half the world his own."

Thus ſpoke the fiend, and, with deluſive art,
Breath'd her black ſpirit through Tereſa's heart:
Rapt into future ſcenes ſhe minds no more
The faith ſhe plighted, and the oath ſhe ſwore;
Strong, and more ſtrong, the viſion lives impreſt,
Conqueſt's dread genius takes up all her breaſt;
Paints on her ſoul, in luxury of thought,
Th' ideal glories of a war unfought,
The laurel-wreath, the military ſhow,
The car of triumph, and the captive foe.
And now the queen, unfeeling, falſe, and vain,
Plans the wide ruin of a bold campaign;
Thro' all the North with all her ſpirit raves,
And wakes the nations in their huts, and caves;
With wild barbarians crouds her wanton war,
The ſavage croat, and the fierce huſſar;
Fires the proud Saxon's ſanguinary vein,
And rouſes all the dæmon of the Seine;
Leagues kings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
Shakes heav'n and earth, and ſets the world in arms.

O curſt ambition! to each vice allied,
Begot by miſchief in the womb of pride,
What ills, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
What awful ſcenes of unimagin'd woe!
Before thy footſteps, wrapp'd in flames of fire,
Sinks the tall column, and majeſtic ſpire.
Cloſe at thy ſide her ſword fell ſlaughter waves,
'Midſt bleeding piles, and ever-op'ning graves;
The plague behind thee, with her tainted breath,
Sweeps thro' the nations on the wing of death;

Neglected

Neglected genius in his cell expires,
To other worlds fair liberty retires;
The patriot muse forgets her voice divine,
Religion leaves her violated shrine;
And ev'ry meek-ey'd virtue pines and mourns,
'Midst falling temples, and sepulchral urns.

The Prussian saw at one keen glance from far
The gath'ring tempest, and impending war:
He saw, and instant bids his armies form,
Heads the bold march, and bears upon the storm.
In vain the forest big with death extends,
The rampart thunders, and the flood descends;
In vain the foe each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines;
He storms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambush'd wood;
Now presses on, now reins his dread career,
Pours on the van, or steals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry crisis, shines in ev'ry scene,
And is at once a Marlbro', and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty host, whose awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him close,
And his thin ranks scarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
An brave his fate when glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?

Avails it aught that juſtice learnt to awe
Miſguided nature from his code of law?
That warm'd, and foſter'd by his genial eye,
Tranſplanted ſcience own'd the Polar ſky?
That Greece and Taſte upon the Baltic ſmil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment——the bright ſcene is o'er—
He falls——he dies——and Pruſſia is no more.
Yet ſhall not France, in this her bliſsful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An eaſy, cheap, unbleeding conqueſt know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the ſign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line:
The legions, far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm ſtep, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whoſe lightning terror round him flings;
That ſtep which ſeems to tread on thrones, and kings.
At every look thro' all th' embattled van
The pulſe of glory beats from man to man:
The ſoldier kindling at his prince aſpires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, 'midſt his ardors, owns a ſofter flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.
And now the ſun, whoſe orb ſhall ſet in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the weſtern wood;
The diſtant hills in each horizon fade,
And night comes on in all her gloom and ſhade:
And now the trumpet's animating ſound
Peals on the ear, and ſhakes the field around,

When,

When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and ſweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Pruſſian ſprings,
Drives thro' his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And ſees the proweſs of his hoſt expire.
Th' Imperial chiefs no more the ſhock ſuſtain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of fear,
And hungry ſlaughter feeds upon his rear.

Yet, ſtay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou art,
Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Reſtrain fierce vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on earth proud conqueſt gives to ſhine,
All the dread glories of the ſword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding ſtates decree,
The ſacred pœan only ſwells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full ſplendor of unclouded fame.
Enjoy that nobler fame---bid diſcord ceaſe,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of peace:
Then ſhall the muſe, who now thy triumph ſings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy ſylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy ſofter hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy ſhield ſhall win
A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the ſchool of beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

NOBILITY,

A MORAL ESSAY.

SPOKEN AT THE VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL, MDCCLII.

'TIS said that ere fair virtue learnt to sigh,
The creſt to libel, and the ſtar to lye,
The poet glow'd with all his ſacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble ſcience to the bleſt abode,
And rais'd the hero till he ſhone a god.

Our modern bards, by ſome unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter ev'ry fool of ſtate,
Have oft, regardleſs of their heav'n-born flame,
Enthron'd proud greatneſs in the ſhrine of fame;
Beſtow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.

Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can ſhow,
All Anſtis boaſts of, and all kings beſtow,
All envy wiſhes, all ambition hails,
All that ſupports St. James's, and Verſailles,

Can

Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.
In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With fess, bend, argent, chev'ron, and saltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion or the boar;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing nature in her moral plan,
Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade;
With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed;
Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.
In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live thro' ev'ry age:
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan:
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the croud.
For three campaigns Caprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword:
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a Janizary, one a slave.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps deſcend;
With ſtrange good-nature give his worthleſs ſon
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the fame appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a ſot unborn.

Hence, without bluſhing (ſay whate'er we can)
We more regard th' eſcutcheon than the man;
Yet, true to nature and her inſtincts, prize
The hound or ſpaniel as his talent lies:
Careleſs from what paternal blood he roſe,
We value Bowman only for his noſe.

Say, ſhould you ſee a generous ſteed outfly
The ſwifteſt zephyr of th' autumnal ſky,
Wou'd you at once his ardent wiſhes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Becauſe his humbler fathers, grave, and ſlow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndſditch or Soho?

In ſpite of all that in his grandſire ſhone,
An horſe's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning ſhouts inſpire
His bold compeers, and ſet their hearts on fire,
He ſeems regardleſs of th' exulting ſound,
And ſcarcely drags his legs along the ground;
What will 't avail that, ſprung from heav'nly ſeed,
His great forefathers ſwept th' Arabian mead;
Or, dreſs'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caſpian ſhore?

I grant, my lord! your anceſtors outſhone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhone;

Born

Born to protect, to rouſe thoſe godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inſpires;
O'er humble life to ſpread indulgent eaſe,
To give the veins to flow without diſeaſe;
From proud oppreſſion injur'd worth to ſcreen,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the ſcene.

And ſee, to ſave them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting ſcience fills her every page,
Fame graſps her trump, the Epic muſe attends,
The lyre re-ecchoes, and the ſong aſcends,
The ſculptor's chiſſel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles riſe:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And ſpread their pomps to ages yet unborn.

All this we own—but if, amidſt the ſhine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some ſcoundrel peer, regardleſs of his fires,
Purſues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his proſtituted name
In honour's zenith, and the liſts of fame?

Exalted titles, like a beacon, riſe
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lye.

The Egyptians thus on Cairo's ſacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artiſts ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the ſky:
But when they enter'd the ſublime abode,
They found a ſerpent where they h.p'd a god.

Anſtis

Anſtis obſerves, that when a thouſand years
Roll thro' a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue ſheds her every beam
From ſon to ſon, and waits upon the ſtream.
Yet ſay, ye great! who boaſt another's ſcars,
And think your lineage ends but in the ſtars,
What is this boon of heav'n? Dependent ſtill
On woman's weakneſs, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has ſtain'd your glories ever ſince the Flood?
Might not ſome brawny ſlave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his baſe image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the ſtrength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do?

But grant that all your gentle grandames ſhone
Clear, and unſullied as the noon-day ſun;
Tho' nature form'd them of her chaſteſt mold,
Say, was their birth illuſtrious as their gold?
Full many a lord, we know, has choſe to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
Or ſigh'd, ſtill humbler, to the midnight gale
For ſome fair peaſant of th' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a ſlave or whore;
Since ſpite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Some alien ſtain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood deſcend as mean as mine.

You

You boaſt, my lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By ſenates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Shew then the martial ſoul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Creſſy bled;
Shew us thoſe deeds, thoſe heav'n-directed fires,
That ages paſt ſaw beaming on your ſires;
That freeborn pride no tyrant durſt enſlave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to ſave.

Dare you, tho' faction bawl thro' all her tribe,
Tho' monarchs threaten, and tho' ſtateſmen bribe,
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth diſtreſt,
The joy that riſes when a people's bleſt?
Then, if you pleaſe, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic and divine;
Explore with curious eye th' hiſtoric page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer ſings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Aſia's kings:
If earth's too ſcanty, ſearch the bleſt abode,
And make your firſt progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wiſh to prove,
The ſon of Priam, or the ſon of Jove.

Stateſmen and patriots thus to glory riſe,
The ſelf-born ſun that gilds them never dies:
While he ennobled by thoſe gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court ſunſhine, and poetic ſhow'r;

Then

Then ſinks at once, unpitied, and unbleſt,
A nation's ſcandal, and a nation's jeſt.
Nobility had ſomething in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good:
Sublime ſhe ſat in virtue's ſacred fane,
With all the ſiſter graces in her train.
She ſtill exiſts, 'tis true, in Groſvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were———.
And ſee! ſelf-ſhelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddeſs ſleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her ſoft retreats,
The modeſt Frazi warbles while ſhe eats;
Arabia's ſweets diſtil at ev'ry pore,
Her flatt'rers ſoothe her, and her ſlaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our ſenates to forget,
Thoſe worſt of plagues, a promiſe and a debt.
Not but there are, amidſt the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the few,
Men who improve their heav'n-deſcended fires,
Riſe on their blood, and beam upon their ſires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themſelves the ray that makes them ſhine.
Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's ſoul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the ſhade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can deſcend
To loſe his title in the name of friend;
At Dorſet look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to ſit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,

And

And then enraptur'd bend the ſuppliant knee
To heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.
Let then vain fools their proud eſcutcheons view,
Allied to half the Yncas of Peru;
With every vice thoſe lineal glories ſtain
That roſe in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius call,
To court pale wiſdom in theſe hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blaſted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two ſhort precepts all your buſineſs lies—
Wou'd you be great?—Be Virtuous and be Wiſe.

THE

The TEMPLE of HYMEN.

A TALE.

IN elder time when men were chaſte,
And women had not got a taſte,
It was ordain'd, to eaſe their cares,
The ſexes ſhould be link'd in pairs,
And paſs the various ſcenes of life
Known by the names of Man and Wife.

To aid this ſcheme, ſo juſt and wiſe,
The male had vigour, ſtrength and ſize:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearleſs or of wind or wave,
He ſcal'd the cliff's enormous ſteep,
He plung'd into the pathleſs deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's ſanguinary rage.

Woman, as form'd to charm, and pleaſe,
Had more of elegance and eaſe,
A finer ſhape, a ſofter mien,
A heart more gentle and ſerene.
Her ſmile was ſunſhine---in her face
Sat ſweetneſs on the throne of grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of ſong;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal ſky.

As

As nature now had done her beſt,
She left to accident the reſt.
To accident!—you cry— Why, yes.
Yet think not that ſhe acts by gueſs.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with ſo exact a care,
She ne'er miſcarries in a hair.
For now, when on a feſtal day
The ſexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their paſtimes, ſports, and dances,
Had interchang'd ſome tender glances,
Th' impaſſion'd heart began to own
A ſet of inſtincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young deſires.
In ſhort, the men began to bow,
To ſoothe, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the ſolitary ſhade,
And whiſper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a ſly coquette;
And could not, with an artful ſigh,
Like modern ladies, ſmile, and lye;
Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly confeſt ſhe felt the ſame,
And ere the roſy-finger'd morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, 'midſt her virgin train,
In flow'rets dreſt, to Hymen's fane.

This

This mild divinity, so sung
By half the poets old and young,
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roses fresh gather'd from the bush,
Sweet emblems of the female blush,
Wove in a wreath supremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair:
One hand sustain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of soft desire;
The other held in mystic shew
A broider'd veil of saffron hue:
Majestic flow'd his azure vest,
And rubies bled upon his breast.

The meek-ey'd God an age or so
Succeeded, and had much to do;
In crowds his eager vot'ries came,
His altars never ceas'd to flame:
Besides an off'ring, frank and free,
First paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of shells and corals,
With sprigs of ever-blooming laurels,
And bowls of consecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his shrine,
The gifts of many a grateful pair
Made happy by his guardian care.

It chanc'd three dæmons, fiends, or witches,
Ambition, vanity, and riches,
Walk'd out one evening bright, and fair,
To breathe a little country air;

And

And, as old Nick would have it, found
This foul-enchanting ſpot of ground,
Where happy huſbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the moſt delicious lives;
And reſolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'ſquire.

They came, they ſettled; ſooth'd, careſt,
Politely treated every gueſt,
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their ſimple-minded neighbours.
"My worthy friends! ſays Wealth, behold
The ſplendor of almighty gold!
Theſe guineas here, theſe brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair pleaſure's ever-ſmiling train,
And can to ev'ry ſwain diſpenſe
Wit, ſpirit, virtue, taſte, and ſenſe.
Who but a fool wou'd wed a Phillis,
Whoſe only portion is her li lies?
For ever doom'd, in life's low ſhade,
To ply the mercenary ſpade,
Till ſome diſeaſe, whoſe nature ſuch is
To ſet us on a pair of crutches,
Force you to plunder, beg, or ſteal
From charity an humble meal;
And ſend your age, for want of victle,
To a poor alms-houſe, or the ſpittle.
Be wiſe, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red;

And court the nymph whoſe genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil."
He ſaid—Ambition then began
About the dignity of man;
He rallied all their groves, and ſprings,
And finely talk'd of queens, and kings:
It was, he thought, a want of grace
To mingle with the vulgar race;
For ſouls made up of heav'nly fire
Are form'd by nature to aſpire.
He told them that a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life,
Without a patent gave her dear
Th' importance of a Britiſh peer;
Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
And make him couſin to old Priam.
While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly ſtole upon the heart,
And with their complaiſance, and tales,
Had ruin'd more than half the males,
Gay Vanity, with ſmiles, and kiſſes,
Was buſy 'mongſt the maids and miſſes.
"My dears! ſays ſhe, thoſe pretty faces
Speak you the ſiſters of the graces:
Immortal Venus wou'd be vain
To have you in her court, and train.
But ſure, methinks, it ſomething odd is,
That beauties who can match a goddeſs

Shou'd

Shou'd give their more than mortal charms
To a dull ruſtic's joyleſs arms,
A meer unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a God.
O let thoſe eyes, which far outſhine
The brighteſt ſapphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without wealth, or ſoul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame nature's firſt miſhapen ſketches,
Fly to the world where lords and 'ſquires
Are warm'd with more ethereal fires;
Where pleaſure each gay moment wings,
Where the divine Mingotti ſings:
So ſhall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages, and a chair,
Fine Indian tiſſues, Mechlin laces,
Rich eſſences in china vaſes,
And riſe on life's exalted ſcene
With all the ſplendor of a queen."

She ſpoke, and in a trice poſſeſt
The empire of the female breaſt:
And now the viſionary maids
Diſdain'd their ſhepherds, and their ſhades;
In every dream with rapture ſaw
Three footmen, and a gilt landau;
Aſſum'd a fine majeſtic air,
And learnt to ogle, ſwim, and ſtare.
No longer beam'd the modeſt eye,
No longer heav'd the melting ſigh,

Neglected Love, whose blunted dart
Scarce once a year could wound a heart,
Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, sighing, from the world withdrew.
However, as the wheel of life
Subsisted still in man and wife,
Th' aforesaid fiends, for reasons good,
Coupled the sexes as they cou'd.
For instance—Women made for thrones
Were match'd with ideots, sots, and drones;
And wits were every day disgrac'd
By honeys without sense, or taste:
Gay libertines of sixty-five,
With scarce a single limb alive,
Had young coquettes just in their teens,
As wanton as Circassia's queens;
And youths, whose years were scarce a score,
Were pair'd with nymphs of sixty-four.
Matters, in short, were so contriv'd,
The men were most divinely wiv'd;
The women too, to grace their houses,
Were blest with most accomplish'd spouses.
In two short months, perhaps in one,
Both sexes found themselves undone,
And came in crouds, with each an halter,
To hang poor Hymen on his altar.
The God, tho' arm'd but with his torch,
Intrepid met them in the porch;
And, while they hector, brawl, and bully,
Harangu'd them with the cafe of Tully.

" Good

" Good folks! ſays he, it gives me pain
To hear you murmur, and complain,
When every barber in the town
Knows that the fault is all your own.
Seduc'd by ſhow, miſled by wealth,
Regardleſs of your peace, and health,
Panting for feathers, whims, and faſhions,
You left plain nature's genuine paſſions,
And gave up all your real joys,
As Indians ſell their gold for toys.
You, madam! who was pleas'd to fix
Your wiſhes on a coach and ſix,
Obtain'd your end, and now you find
Your huſband ought to ride behind;
You might have had, without offence,
A man of ſpirit, ſoul, and ſenſe,
Wou'd you have ſtoop'd to take the air
In a plain chariot and a pair.
You too, my venerable ſage!
Had you reflected on your age,
Wou'd ſcarce have took, to be undone,
A ſprightly girl of twenty-one.
Your ladyſhip diſdain'd to hear
Of any huſband but a peer;
Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
For a blue ribbon and a garter:
And now, magnificently great,
You feel the wretchedneſs of ſtate;
Neglected, injur'd, ſpurn'd, and poor,
The victim of an opera whore.

Your neighbour there, the wealthy cit,
Like you is miſerably bit:
Too proud to drag the nuptial chain
With the grave nymphs of Foſter-lane,
He married, ſuch his fatal aim was,
A lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
And now ſupports, by ſcores, and dozens,
His very honourable couſins,
And entertains, with wine and cards,
Half the gay colonels of the guards.
Away, ye triflers! bear, endure
Afflictions which ye cannot cure;
At leaſt with decency conceal
The pangs your follies make you feel,
In hopes that ſome obliging fever
Will eaſe you of your dears for ever."

The crowd diſmiſs'd—the God began
To muſe upon a better plan:
He ſaw that things grew worſe and worſe,
That marriage was become a curſe;
And therefore thought it juſt and wiſe was
To rectify this fatal bias,
And in a taſteleſs world excite
Due rev'rence for his holy rite.
Full of his ſcheme he went one day
To a lone cottage in a ſhaw,
Where dwelt a nymph of ſtrong and ſhrewd ſenſe,
Known by the name of Gammer Prudence,
Whom Hymen, with a bow and buſs,
Addreſs'd moſt eloquently thus.

" Goody!

" Goody! I've order'd Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and ſparrows,
With a new ſet of bows and arrows:
But yet the rogue's ſo much a child,
So very whimſical, and wild,
His head has ſuch ſtrange fancies in it,
I cannot truſt him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he liſts thro' every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again—
We ſoon ſhou'd ſee the lawns and groves
Quite fill'd with zephyrs, ſighs, and doves,
With am'rous ditties, fairy dances,
Such as we read of in romances;
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And ducheſſes are feeding flocks.
Go then, my venerable dame!
And qualify his idle flame;
Inſtruct thoſe hearts his arrows hit,
To pauſe, and have a little wit:
Bid them reflect, amidſt their heat,
'Tis neceſſary Love ſhould eat;
That in his moſt ecſtatic billing
He poſſibly may want a ſhilling.
Perſuade them, ere they firſt engage,
To ſtudy temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their taſtes and manners,

Completing juſt as heav'n deſign'd,
An union both of ſex and mind."

He ſaid—he preſs'd—the matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
Forſook her ſolitary grove,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch'd with the ſober eye of truth
The workings of miſguided youth:
And when the heart began to ſigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whiſper'd many a wiſe remark
With all the dignity of Clark—
She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
Would liſten to her awful voice:
She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
Ere yet the chariot was beſpoke,
To pauſe before they took the yoke.—
In ſhort, when Cupid's lucky darts
Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,
And Goody Prudence lik'd the houſes,
Eſtates, and minds, of both the ſpouſes,
And found exact to form and law,
The ſettlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed,
And ſanctified the nuptial bed.

Th' event was ſuch, the God became
Succeſsful in his trade, and fame;
For both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, ſenſe, and carriage;

Fair

Fair friendſhip ray'd on either breaſt
The ſunſhine of content, and reſt.
Studious each other's will to pleaſe,
And bleſs'd with affluence and eaſe,
Without vexation, words or ſtrife,
They calmly walk'd the road of life;
And, happy in their fondeſt joys,
Left a fine group of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and ſage,
To ſhine upon a future age.

THE

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ. AFTERWARDS LORD LYTTELTON, ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, MDCCXLIX.

I GRANT it, Lyttelton! that eaſe, or joy,
Forms ev'ry wiſh that glows beneath the ſky;
That when, 'mid nature's elemental ſtrife,
Th' Almighty ſpoke the Chaos into life,
He meant that man, of ev'ry good poſſeſt,
Shou'd, like his Seraphs, live but to be bleſt.

Yet, ſpite of heav'n, and heav'n's ſupreme decree,
We fondly wander, truth! from bliſs, and thee;
Taſteleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For thought too active, and too mad for eaſe;
Of feeling exquiſite, alive all o'er,
With ev'ry paſſion wing'd at ev'ry pore;
To each ſoft breeze, or vig'rous blaſt reſign'd,
That ſweeps the ocean of the human mind,
We ſlip our anchors, ſpread the impatient ſail,
Ply all our oars, and drive before the gale.

Hence,

Hence, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
As pride inſpirits, or as anger tears,
Theſe on the wings of moonſtruck madneſs fly
To catch the meteors of ambition's ſky;
Thoſe, in pale wiſdom's humbler garb array'd,
Court the ſoft genius of the myrtle ſhade;
While others, as the plaſtic atoms pour
More brilliant viſions on each killing hour,
From ſcepter'd life and all its pomps retire,
Or ſet, like Phaeton, the world on fire.

Oft the ſame man, in one revolving ſun,
Is all he aims at, all he longs to ſhun;
Each gay deluſion ſhares his breaſt by turns,
With av'rice chills him, or with grandeur burns:
To-day the gilded ſhrines of honour move,
To-morrow yields his ev'ry pulſe to love;
Now mad for wiſdom, now for wit, and ſport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court:
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each looſe goddeſs of the midnight ſtew,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his ſenſe, and glows with all his rage,
Till ſome enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caſpian ſhore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger! attend,
And ſink him to a mohock, or a fiend.
In one ſhort ſpace thus wanton, ſober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a ſlave,
From wiſh to wiſh in life's mad vortex toſt,
For ever ſtruggling, yet for ever loſt,

The

The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry ſcene,
A Clark, a Chartres, or an Aretine,
There are, 'tis true, plebeian ſouls array'd
In one thick cruſt of apathy, and ſhade,
Whoſe dull ſenſoriums feel not once an age
A ſpirit brighten, or a paſſion rage.
As the ſwift arrow ſkims the viewleſs wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So theſe, without or infamy or praiſe,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To ſome poor ſepulchre in ſilence glide,
And ſcarcely tell us that they liv'd, or died.
Peace to all ſuch—but he whoſe warm deſires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, ſweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the muſe ſhall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Diſplay th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wiſdom, or the rooms of ſtate:
Then, as o'er life's unfolding ſcenes we fly,
Bid all his wiſhes pant but for the ſky.
Heroic glory in the martial ſcene,
From Rome's firſt Cæſar to the great Eugene,
Has long engroſs'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs thro' the trump of fame:
She mounts the neighing ſteed, th' imperial car,
Graſps the pale ſpear, and ruſhes to the war;
Beneath her ſteps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Creſſy bleeds:

The

The battle raves — around her fabre flow
Terrific pleafures, and a pomp of woe ;
Pomps ever loft in peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation fmokes upon her fword.
Fly then, ye Genii ! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural fky :
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltlefs hour,
From ev'ry fhrub content's foft foliage glean,
And rife the Platos of the vernal fcene.
And is it fo ? Does fcience then poffefs
Alone the godlike privilege to blefs ?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wifdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the fhield ?
Say, does fair blifs delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove ?
Deigns fhe on Secker's modeft page to fhine ?
Or beams the goddefs, Lyttelton ! on thine ?
Afk at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit, and fame ;
Cudworth, whofe fpirit flew, with fails unfurl'd,
Thro' each vaft empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd thro' the myftic fhades o'er nature thrown,
And made the feul's immenfity his own.
Yet tho' his fyftem wit and fcience fir'd,
Tho' Wilmot trembled, and tho' Hobbes expir'd,
Miftaken zeal, mad bigotry confpire,
All Turner's dullnefs, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poifons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blaft th' unfinifh'd page.

Much

Much-injur'd ſhade, to truth, to virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and riſes o'er the ſhades,
His mines of wiſdom, if you can, explore,
Then ſhut the volume, and be vain no more.

Genius, and Taſte, alas! too often prove
The worſt of miſchiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to deſtroy,
Too wild for uſe, too exquiſite for joy;
By ſome myſterious curſe ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe.
For 'tis a crime too great to be forgiv'n,
A giant ſin that bars the gate of heav'n,
If theſe meridian ſuns but dare to ſhine
In the ſame orb with Cibber's muſe and mine.

Yet, ſpite of envy, ſcience might be great,
Could ſcience but allow her ſons to eat:
Could he, whoſe name along the ſtream of time
Expanded flies, and lives in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his ſpirits with ſome nobler fare
Than the thin breezes of St. James's air.

Immortal Halley! thy unwearied ſoul
On wiſdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compaſs to its taſk reſtor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian ſky.

And ſee, he comes, diſtinguiſh'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;

His

His godlike labours wit and ſcience fire,
All factions court him, and all ſects admire:
While Britain, with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever ſhame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Bleſt his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are theſe our triumphs? theſe the ſums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain in her fits of madneſs pour
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And ſtill permit the weeping muſe to tell
How poor neglected Deſaguliers fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to ſave,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?
Poſterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That ſenates cancel, and that courts forget:
Yet, ah! what boots it when our bards expire
That earth's laſt ages hang upon the lyre?
Can Middleton the duſt of Tully raiſe?
Does Pompey liſten in his urn to praiſe?
Tell me if Philip's ſon enjoy to-day
Th' applauding pæan, or the loud huzza,
That ſhook pale Aſia thro' her ev'ry ſhore
When Porus fell, and freedom was no more?
Yet tho' content's fantaſtic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wiſe,

Perhaps

Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidſt the luxuries of ſtate:
Fond to inſtruct ambition how to pleaſe,
She joins the pomps of majeſty with eaſe,
Forſakes the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.

Tell me, O Viſier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a ſlave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon creſcent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud fables, and the hallow'd ſword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliſs refine,
And make the virtues of the boſom thine?

Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry ſtorm a ſlave
That caprice wings, or madneſs bids to rave;
For ever jealous of a woman's pow'r,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Thro' life's wild eddies toſs'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a ſmile, and murder'd by a tear!
At length, each wiſh deſtroy'd, each viſion fled,
The black ſeraglio ſteals upon his bed:
And he, whoſe glories mingled with the ſkies,
Adores the bowſtring, licks the duſt, and dies.

O! could a king in heav'n's bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer;
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the ſoft radiance of the ducal ſtar;
Forbid one ſad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwind's rapid wing,
To ſteal a title, or to bribe a ſtring;

In

In the full blaze of glory be display'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and shade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call
Each yielding wish to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pause—lest virtue ev'ry guard resign,
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.

This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Elest with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to soften, and the soul to fire,
Forsook his native bogs with proud disdain,
And, tho' a Dutchman, rose the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next disgrac'd he flies to Britain's isle,
And courts the sunshine of a Walpole's smile:
Unheard, despis'd, to southern climes he steers,
And shines again at Sallé, and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his schemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Hesperian shore:
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a sepulchre to shield
His carcase from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's sons the worst,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curst.

"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddess of the mirthful smile.
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The scenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,

From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All ſcience wiſhes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguiſh free,
And taſte a luxury of bliſs with me.
For me the genial ſpring, the vernal ſhow'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfolding flow'r;
Arabia's ſweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plumage, and the wing of joy,
Each richer viand that the air provides,
That earth unboſoms, or that ocean hides,
All that can nature's finer organs move,
The pow'rs of muſic, and the folds of love,
To my keen ſenſes are indulgent giv'n,
In one wild extaſy of life and heav'n.

" Yet, yet, dear youth! the fair enchantreſs ſhun,
To yield a moment is to be undone:
All Etna's poiſons mingle with her breath,
The ſeeds of ſickneſs, and the gales of death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all hell's horrors brood beneath her ſmile."

'Tis thus, my Lyttelton! that men purſue
Each varied mode of pleaſure but the true;
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliſs, and hurries life away,
Their headſtrong paſſions after phantoms run,
And ſtill miſtake a meteor for a ſun.

Yet hear, ye wand'rers! hear, while we impart
A light that ſheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;
Which, Ariſtides! beam'd on thy exile,
And made a Regulus 'mid tortures ſmile.

Virtue,

Virtue, immortal virtue! born to pleaſe,
The child of heaven, and the ſource of eaſe,
Bids ev'ry bliſs on human life attend,
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful friend;
Inſpirits nature 'midſt the ſcenes of toil,
Smoothes languor's cheek, and bids fell want recoil;
Shines from the mitre with unſullied rays,
Glares on the creſt, and gives the ſtar to blaze;
Supports diſtinction, ſpreads ambition's wings,
Forms ſaints of queens, and demigods of kings;
O'er grief, oppreſſion, envy, ſcorn prevails,
And makes a cottage greater than Verſailles.

WIT AND LEARNING:

AN ALLEGORY.

WHOEVER looks on life will see
How ſtrangely mortals diſagree:
This reprobates what That approves,
And Tom diſlikes what Harry loves;
The ſoldier's witty on the ſailor,
The barber drolls upon the taylor;
And he who makes the nation's wills,
Laughs at the doctor and his pills.
Yet this antipathy we find
Not to the ſons of earth confin'd;
Each ſchool-boy ſees, with half an eye,
The quarrels of the Pagan ſky:
For all the poets fairly tell us,
That gods themſelves are proud and jealous;
And will, like mortals, ſwear, and hector,
When mellow'd with a cup of nectar.
But waving theſe, and ſuch like fancies,
We meet with in the Greek romances,
Say, ſhall th' hiſtoric muſe retail
A little allegoric tale?
Nor ſtole from Plato's myſtic tome, nor
Tranſlated from the verſe of Homer,

But

But copied, in a modern age,
From nature, and her faireſt page.
Olympian Jove, whoſe idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Tho' not of manners mighty chaſte,
Was certainly a god of taſte;
Would often to his feaſts admit
A deity, whoſe name was Wit;
And, to amuſe the more diſcerning,
Would aſk the company of Learning.
Learning was born, as all agree,
Of Truth's half-ſiſter, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her ſhape was
By that great artiſt Eſculapius.
Euphroſine, the younger grace,
Matchleſs in feature, mien, and face,
Who, like the beauties of theſe late days,
Was fond of operas, and cantatas,
Would often to a grot retire
To liſten to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, ſo Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.
Wit was a ſtrange unlucky child,
Exceeding ſly, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth, or law,
He minded but his top, or taw;
And, ere he reach'd the age of ſix,
Had play'd a thouſand waggiſh tricks.——
He drill'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He ſtrew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,

Climb'd up the ſolar car to ride in't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's fav'rite ſea-knot,
And urin'd in Aſtrea's tea-pot.

Learning, a lad of ſober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his corals,
To ſtudy nature, and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppoſe it,
Faſt by Minerva in her cloſet;
And while gay Wit, as black as ſoot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philoſophic eye,
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the ſky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The muſic of Apollo's fiddle;
And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Merc'ry in the ſtreet,
Or on his flight, the audacious brat
Stopp'd him to aſk of this or that:
As how the moon was evaneſcent,
Was now an orb, and now a creſcent?
Why of the graces each undreſt was?
Why Pallas never wore a ceſtus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and ſallads?
And why the Muſes dealt in ballads?

With theſe diſcordant taſtes and manners,
And lifted under diff'rent banners,
Learning and Wit, as ſays the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,

And

And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' ethereal fire.
Wit, with his fly ſatyric vein,
Was always ſure to entertain:
He rallied with a tongue as keen
As Rab'lais, or the Iriſh Dean;
And told his tale with ſuch a grace,
With ſuch an eye, and ſuch a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And ſet the Synod in an uproar.
Learning had not the ſkill to hit
The comic caſt; and life of Wit:
With look moroſe, and aukward air,
He ſat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and bluſhes ſpoke,
And had no reliſh for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid
Thought him inſenſible, and ſtupid;
And Hebe, tho' a well-bred laſs,
Would ſcarcely offer him his glaſs.
However, when the ſprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his ſoul,
He then, with majeſty, began
To talk of letters, and of man;
Correct, ſententious, cool, ſevere,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the Gods, but Wit, and Comus,
And that abuſive cynic, Momus.
In length of time, as oft the caſe is
In many ſublunary places,

Theſe demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little ſhy;
And oft, to wound each other's breaſt,
Let off a keen ſarcaſtic jeſt.
Learning, with many a ſtroke, would hit
The pert vivacity of Wit;
And Wit threw all his keeneſt ſatire
On Learning's ſlow, pedantic nature.
It happen'd once when Jove had made
A feaſt in Ida's holy ſhade,
And all the Gods, whoſe heads could bear it,
Had emptied each a flaſk of claret;
Wit, who from his celeſtial liquor
Wagg'd his free tongue a little quicker,
Began, with many a bitter ſcoff,
To play his brother Learning off;
Aſk'd him if yet his pains and care
Had learnt to make the circle ſquare?
If all his viſionary ravings
Cou'd weave brocade from walnut ſhavings?
If his mechanic ſkill cou'd catch
Perpetual motion in a watch?
Or forge a pendulum endued
With power to tell the longitude?
Learning had much ado to ſit,
And hear the petulance of Wit:
A ghaſtly paleneſs ſpread his look,
His nerves with quick convulſions ſhook:
At length, in accents loud and high,
Veſuvius flaming in his eye,

He

He burſt—"And dar'ſt thou, wayward chit!
Thou ideot God of ideot Wit!
Untaught as yet to know thy letters,
Affront, thou inſolent! thy betters?
Here, puppy! with this penny get
A horn-book, or an alphabet;
And ſee if that licentious eye
Can tell a great A from an I?
Throw but another jeſt on me,
I'll lay thee, miſcreant! on my knee,
And print ſuch welks thy naked ſeat on,
As never truant felt at Eton.

Wit, with reſentment raving wild,
Thus call'd an ideot and a child,
Without preambles, or excuſes,
Seiz'd upon Mercury's caduceus,
And with ſuch force the weapon throws,
It flatted half his rival's noſe:
While he, Minerva's boaſt, and care,
Pluck'd a large bodkin from her hair,
And aim'd the ſteely pointed dart
With ſuch dexterity of art,
That, had not beauty's lovely queen,
Fair Venus, ſpread her fan between,
And taught the flying death to fix
Guiltleſs among the iv'ry ſticks,
Wit's future triumphs had been o'er,
And Europe heard his name no more.

Jove, who had no ſupreme delight in
Domeſtic brawls, or civil fighting,

Since

Since firſt he heard the nuptial tune flow
So ſweetly from the tongue of Juno,
Vex'd that theſe two illiberal gueſts
Should dare to violate his feaſts,
In a tremendous fit of choler,
Seiz'd both their worſhips by the collar,
And, minding not their meek ſubmitting,
Kick'd them from Ida down to Britain.
Poor Learning had the luck to fall
Plump in the area of Clare-hall,
Juſt as old Wilcox, from a ſlope,
Was gazing thro' his teleſcope,
To find a comet whoſe bright tail is
Eccentric from the time of Thales.
Pleas'd with his ſcientific look,
He ſent him firſt to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton-broth, and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of ſleek prunella,
And very wiſely made him fellow.
Wit, as his deſtiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truſs of briefs and bills,
And took the ſhape of juſtice Willes:
But ſoon obſerving round the columns
Reports in half a thouſand volumes;
And, finding all thoſe earth-worm ſouls
Who hold th' exchequer, or the rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curſes, to my lords the judges,

Call'd

Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.
'Twas right— for now where-e'er he came
He bused all the tongues of fame;
Was welcome to the festal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often visit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when business would permit,
With that great statesman William Pitt.
'Tis said too he was sometimes seen
On Garrick's visionary scene:
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Observing this unlucky railer
Was neither mechanist nor taylor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but see, a play;
That many a squire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but Wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic stage,
And open'd his theatric inn
To Scaramouch, and Harlequin.
Learning would sometimes drop his gown,
And take a winter-jaunt to town;
Often call'd in at Hitch's shop,
And din'd at Dolly's on a chop;
On Thursday met the grave resort
Of spider merchants in Crane-court,

To

To rack a cockle, or to ſee
The nice diſſection of a flea:
But having never chanc'd to wear
A bag-wig or a ſolitaire,
And dreſſing in a kerſey, thicker
Than that which cloaths a Corniſh vicar,
He ſeldom had the luck to eat
In Berkley-ſquare, or Groſvenor-ſtreet.
'Twas written in the book of fate,
Theſe rivals ſhould each other hate;
No wonder then that each proud imp was
As wayward here as on Olympus.
Wit look'd on Learning, as he grew great,
Juſt as a felon looks on Newgate:
While Learning, who could never hide
His haughty academic pride,
Had ſuch a keen contempt for Wit,
He call'd him nothing but the chit;
And, if he met him at noon-day,
Would turn his face another way.
However, on ſome feſtal nights
By chance they both dropp'd in at White's
With learned lords, and noble bards,
Who had no appetite for cards,
And could decide whene'er they met
Momentous truths without a bet.
Wit with vivacity of tongue
Firſt led th' admiring ear along;
His fancy active, wild, and free as
Conception when ſhe breeds ideas,

Flew

Flew o'er each undiſcover'd part
Of nature, and the worlds of art,
And brought with ſuch a nice decorum
A group of images before him,
So genuine, yet ſo uncommon,
With ſuch a glow of tints upon 'em,
That all was ſpirit, force, and ſenſe,
Looſe as the zone of negligence,
Simple as truth's fair handmaid nature,
And deadly as the ſting of ſatire.
Dejected Learning ſat oppreſs'd;
Around him flew the taunt and jeſt:
Whatever juſt remarks he made,
Or to demonſtrate, or perſuade,
Wit, by ſome ſly malicious comment,
Took off, or routed in a moment.
However, when a pauſe appear'd,
And ſober reaſon could be hear'd,
He then in all his thunder riſes,
Strips off his rival's thin diſguiſes;
Shews where his miſconceiving ſenſe
Led to a groundleſs conſequence,
Miſtook an error for a wonder,
A demonſtration for a blunder,
Or, having a deluſive ſcent got,
Affirm'd the very thing he meant not.
Yet, after all, ſince mirth and drinking
Are priz'd above ſedater thinking,
Tho' Learning got a world of praiſe,
And added ſplendor to his bays,

Their

Their lordſhips, frighten'd at th' expence
Of liſt'ning to exalted ſenſe,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-houſe a college,
Determin'd in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty :
And therefore order'd, every ſoul,
Wit ſhou'd be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raiſe his vein,
A weekly preſent of champaigne ;
That if proud Learning ſhould preſume
To ſet his foot within the room,
Arthur ſhould ſhew him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.
Learning thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the gallows,
Began to ſee that ſkill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters ;
That tho' he led them thro' the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ach
With reading nature, and Sir Iſaac,
Yet all that wiſdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively repartee :
He therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Reſolv'd to ſet up for a Wit ;
But found, alas ! howe'er he dreſt her,
That ſcience was a wretched jeſter ;
That tho' he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon ;

For

For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whose excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of spirit,
Observing that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of science;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine discerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the schools,
The gay professor oft mistook
Alike his question and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of season,
And jested when he ought to reason.
Thus on the world's wild billows tost,
And half their moments idly lost,
Tir'd of applause, and sick of strife,
They each resolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to see
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaste,
In life's full bloom, whose name was Taste.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the first tender throb of love,

And

And often heav'd, it knew not why,
With ſomething ſofter than a ſigh.
He gaz'd, he bluſh'd, he courted, preſt,
And was at length completely bleſt:
For ſhe, who had not learnt to doat
On folly in a ſcarlet coat,
To Learning's bliſsful arms reſign'd
Her graceful form, and lovely mind.
Wit too, when paſt the fire of youth,
Was married to the veſtal, Truth;
A nymph whoſe awful air and mien
Diſplay'd the beauty, and the queen.
Tradition tells us, Hymen ſwore
That, till this bright auſpicious hour,
There never in his holy houſe was
So fine a group of noble ſpouſes;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, ſenſe, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to pleaſe,
Aſſum'd her elegance and eaſe;
And Wit, to humour Truth, agreed
To pauſe, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In ſhort, they led delicious lives,
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchleſs in feature, form, and parts,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Arts.

A FATHER's

A

FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION

ON THE

DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,

WHO LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

LET vulgar ſouls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age ere, wide diſplay'd,
Death's blackeſt pinion wraps them in the ſhade.
Theſe happy infants, early taught to ſhun
All that the world admires beneath the ſun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native ſky.
Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy expreſs'd,
And all the father kindled in my breaſt,
A ſudden paleneſs ſeiz'd each guiltleſs face,
And death, tho' ſmiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.

Nature! be calm—heave not th' impaſſion'd ſigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unſpotted moments paſs'd between
Their dawn of being, and their cloſing ſcene:
And ſure no nobler bleſſing can be giv'n,
When one ſhort anguiſh is the price of heav'n.

THE

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

SOME Antiquarians, grave, and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Laſt winter, on a Thurſday night, were
Met in full ſenate at the Mitre.
The preſident, like Mr. Mayor,
Majeſtic took the elbow chair,
And gravely ſat in due decorum
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were diſplay'd
A Britiſh knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon ſeal,
A patent with king Alfred's ſeal,
Two ruſted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be St. Dunſtan's tongs,
With which he, as the ſtory goes,
Once took the devil by the noſe.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuſcripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian ſhields, and churns:

Whether the druid ſlipt or broke
The miſletoe upon the oak?
If Hector's ſpear was made of aſh?
Or Agamemnon wore a ſaſh?
If Cleopatra dreſs'd in blue,
And wore her treſſes in a queue?

At length a dean who underſtood
All that had paſs'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute ſhew ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a ſolemn air
(Firſt humbly bowing to the chair)
"If aught, ſays he, deſerves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of ſages
Shall flouriſh in the lateſt ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whoſe humbler knowledge
Ranks me the loweſt of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At leaſt a tranſitory ray:
For I, like you, thro' ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the ſtep of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his ſacred ſpoils
With more than half a cent'ry's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,

In

In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or ſtone,
In vaſes, flow'r-pots, lamps, and ſconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
Theſe eyes have read thro' many a cruſt
Of lacker, varniſh, greaſe, and duſt;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My ſoul to win your juſt applauſe,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition ſays, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal Catacomb."
He ſaid, and from a purſe of ſatin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkiſh Latin,
And taught by many a claſp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when ſhe throws
On heav'n and earth a deep repoſe,
Loſt in a trance too big to ſpeak,
The Synod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point, and part,
With all the critic ſkill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the ſound;
Applied the tongue's acuter ſenſe
To taſte its genuine excellence,
And with an animated guſt
Lick'd up the conſecrated ruſt:

Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own ſun-beams cou'd deſcry,
To ev'ry corner of the braſs
They clapp'd a microſcopic glaſs;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.
Pythagoras, the learned ſage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a ſquare,
Which threw him in ſuch frantic fits
As almoſt robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked thro' the ſtreets of Samos.
With the ſame ſpirits doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a phrenzy from his place
Acroſs the table and the mace,
And ſwore by Varro's ſhade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
"It rings, ſays he, ſo pure, and chaſte,
And has ſo claſſical a taſte,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That raſcal, Time, whoſe hand purloins
From ſcience half her kings and coins,

Has eat, you ſee, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, thro' cankers, ruſt, and fetters,
Miſhapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evaneſcent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day ſunſhine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of ruſtic work in Tibur' ſtone,
Without a ſandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddeſs;
Whoſe ſacred fingers ſeem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold:
Which has, if I miſtake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet:
By this the medalliſt would mean
To paint that fine domeſtic ſcene,
When the firſt Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy ſlave."

When a ſpectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by ſea, or land, is
Diſcolour'd by a yellow hue,
Tho' naturally red, or blue.
This was the caſe with 'ſquire Thynne,
A barriſter of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or ſpeak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.

In all diſputes his ſacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas ;
And tho' he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a ſtranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-Pleas ;
He ſtudied with ſuch warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's ſelf not better knew
The legiſlative plan he drew ;
Nor cou'd Demoſthenes withſtand
The rhetric of his wig, and band ;
When, full of zeal, and Ariſtotle,
And fluſter'd by a ſecond bottle,
He taught the orator to ſpeak
His periods in correcter Greek.
" Methinks, quoth he, this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece :
Th' Ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue ;
And, if the taſte's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and ruſt
Are made of Attic dew and duſt.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome ;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliſs,
Ne'er ſtruck ſo fine a coin as this.

Beſides,

Beſides, tho' Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inſcription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu:
And here, you ſee, there ſeems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of ſtyle, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to repreſent a Pallas;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch ſhe bore."

He ſaid—but Swinton, full of fire,
Aſſerted that it came from Tyre:
A moſt divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire wou'd have bought it.
He ſwore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus;
And the reverſe, tho' hid in ſhade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whoſe treſſes, buſkins, ſhape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at ſixteen;
Perhaps the very year when ſhe was
Firſt married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he cou'd make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-ſpear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chac'd the boar.

A learned

A learned friend, he cou'd confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once ſhew'd him, 'midſt the ſeals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in ſhape, and ſize,
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was ſeen
The image of a Tyrian queen;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the ſame.

The next, a critic, grave, and big,
Hid in a moſt enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and ſhape was
A genuine ſon of Eſculapius,
Wonder'd that men of ſuch diſcerning
In all th' abſtruſer parts of learning,
Cou'd err, thro' want of wit, or grace,
So ſtrangely in ſo plain a caſe.

"It came, ſays he, or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with ſlime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment ſwarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whoſe appetites would ſoon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not ſome birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,

And

And check the peſt while yet the year
Is ripening into ſtalk, and ear.
This bleſſing, viſibly divine,
Is finely pourtray'd on the coin;
For here this line, ſo faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill, or beak;
Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
In Hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whoſe num'rous tribe is
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Ibis.
Beſides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a ſiſtrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment ſhe is ſeen,
An Iſis, Egypt's boaſted queen.
Sir, I'm as ſure, as if my eye
Had ſeen the artiſt cut the die,
That theſe two curves, which wave, and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the Lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has ſaid,
Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."
He ſpoke, and heard, without a pauſe,
The riſing murmur of applauſe;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
Aſtoniſh'd at the lucky hit,
They ſtar'd, they deify'd his wit.
But ah! what arts by fate are tried
To vex, and humble human pride!

To pull down poets from Parnaſſus,
And turn grave doctors into aſſes!
For whilſt the band their voices raiſe
To celebrate the Sage's praiſe,
And echo thro' the houſe convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Tom, a pert waiter, ſmart, and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to ſee what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slyly ſtepp'd in to ſnuff the candles,
And aſk whate'er they pleas'd to want elſe.
Soon as the Synod he came near,
Loud diſſonance aſſail'd his ear;
Strange mingled ſounds, in pompous ſtyle,
Of Iſis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile:
And ſoon in Romans' hand he ſpies
The coin, the cauſe of all their noiſe.
Quick to his ſide he flies amain,
And peeps, and ſnuffs, and peeps again.
And tho' antiques he had no ſkill in,
He knew a ſixpence from a ſhilling;
And, ſpite of ruſt, or rub, cou'd trace
On humble braſs Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he deſcries,
And, big with laughter, and ſurprize,
He burſt — "And is this group of learning
So ſhort of ſenſe, and plain diſcerning,

That

That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curioſity?
If this is your beſt proof of ſcience,
With wiſdom Tom claims no alliance;
Content with nature's artleſs knowledge,
He ſcorns alike both ſchool and college."
More had he ſaid—but, lo! around
A ſtorm in ev'ry face he found:
On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds ruſh'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flaſh'd from ev'ry pore,
And reaſon's voice was heard no more.
The tempeſt ey'd, Tom ſpeeds his flight,
And, ſneering, bids 'em all good night;
Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wiſe.

END OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

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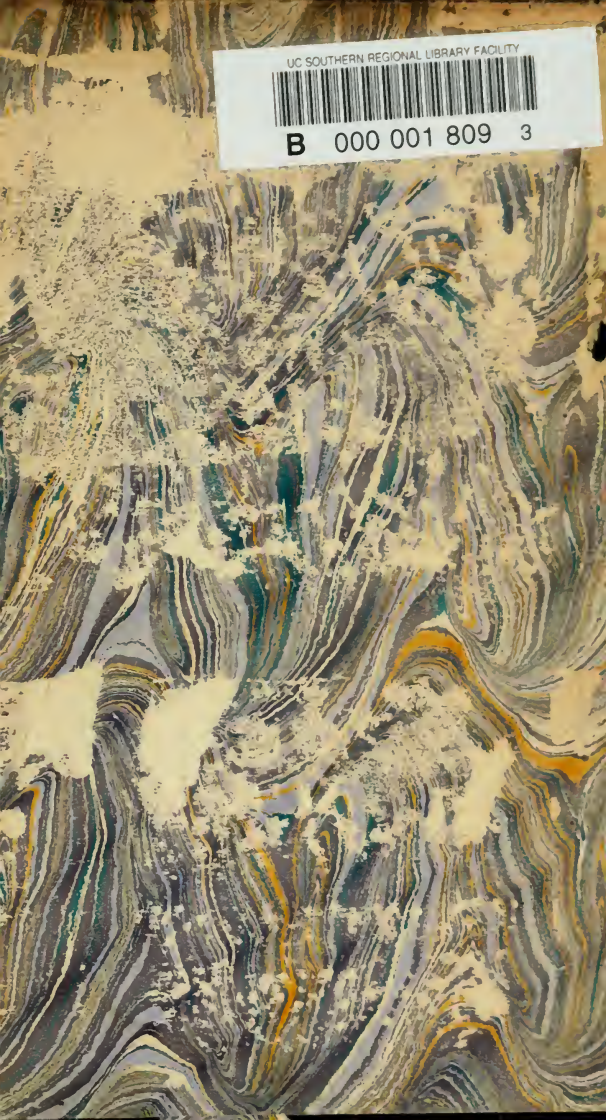
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